HEROICK LOVE:

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at

The THEATRE in

Little Lincolns-Inn-Fields.

Written by the Honourable

GEORGE GRANVILLE, Esq;

Rectius Iliacum Carmen deducis in Actus,——
Hor. de Arte Poeticâ.
Quam si proferres ignota indictaque primus.

LONDON:

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XUM

The Preface.

IT may be necessary to inform the Reader, that after the first Representation of this Play, the Conclusion was altered: Agamemnon *is left to continue in a Swoon, and the Scene is clos'd with these few lines spoken by* Ulysses, *immediately upon the Departure of* Chruseis,

Uly. The Ills that Love has done, Love has aton'd,
And Glory calls, to make us full amends.
Look to the King, be that your care *Talthybius,* (*To*
And let all Ages, in this Truth agree *Tal.*
Love never gain'd, a Nobler Victory.

The Reasons for this Alteration were these. The Author was of Opinion, that some might think it more Natural that Agamemnon, *(considering the Excess of* Love *which fills his Character) should upon coming to himself, rather run after his Mistress, than into the Battel: He declares that in the same Circumstance he should have done so himself, and it is a pretty true Observation,*

that in the Frame of our Heroes, we commonly draw our own Pictures. Another Reason was Brevity, some having complain'd of the length of that Act. There was indeed such effectual Care taken not to seem tedious to the Audience, that the last Scene may be more properly said to have been Murder'd than Cut, for the Conveniency of Acting, as will evidently appear to the Reader.

Some have objected, that it is unnatural for a Hero to Swoon; those Persons are entreated to inform us of what Stuff they take Heroes to be made: Hitherto they have pass'd for Men, and by consequence subject to humane Infirmities. Othello *in one of his Agonies of Jealousie, falls into a Swoon: and indeed in some Cases where the Passion must be presum'd so Violent or so Tender, that words can but faintly represent it, it is then a Beauty to express it in this manner, and by far more Pathetick, than any Speech tho never so Rhetorical. Others have complain'd, that they want to know what becomes afterwards of* Agamemnon. *They are desir'd to accept of this short reply, That the Author never undertook to write*

write the Life of Agamemnon. *A Tragedy is the Repreſentation of one ſingle particular Action, and not of every Circumſtance of a Man's Life: But however, to ſatisfie their Curioſity, theſe Perſons if they can give themſelves the trouble to obſerve, may find mixt up and down in the Play, either by way of Relation or Prophecy, all the remarkable Paſſages of the Life of* Agamemnon, *from the Beginning to the End, not omitting ſo much as his Forefathers and his Poſterity: and what would they have more? It has likewiſe been objected, that the Characters are too few. Let thoſe Criticks be pleas'd to conſider, that a ſingle Action will allow of but few Perſons, and a regular Play is confin'd to a ſingle Action: Let them examine what number of Characters the Ancients and all who have written in their Imitation, were wont to introduce, and then let them judge. It may be further obſerv'd, that whoſoever crowds his Play with a Multitude of Perſons, will be forc'd to draw his Characters ſo little, and as it were in miniature, that it will ſcarce be perceptible there are any Characters at all: for to ſhew Men at full Length and in juſt Proportion, re-*

quires

quires room, which can only be found when the Characters are few.

There is indeed one Perſonage which the Author thinks himſelf oblig'd to make ſome Apology for to the Judicious Reader, thô it happens to be the Part which in the Repreſentation meets the loudeſt Applauſe; and this is the Character of Briſeis, *which may ſeem to ſome a little over-ſtrain'd, and extended larger than the Life. However he cannot help owning that in his Opinion he verily believes there are many who think full as vainly of themſelves; Some Men he is ſure he has met with of that Character, but Ladies are Sacred Things, and he would not be thought to ſuggeſt the leaſt uncivil Suppoſition of any of that Sex. To proceed then to give ſome account of the true Reaſon of his choice of ſo extraordinary a Perſon, the plain Truth of the whole matter is this; Had he form'd her a moving Character, ſhould he have brought her in lamenting her Misfortune and attracting Compaſſion, this would have prejudic'd the Chief Hero of the Play: for all the Pity which ſhe had excited, muſt neceſſarily have rais'd ſo much Indignation againſt*

him.

him. The Author this was under a Neceſſity to repreſent her in ſuch a manner, that no body might be concern'd, or take any part in her Misfortune, and he therefore choſe to make her of a Piece with her Lover; for in reality, her Character is form'd out of his, as preſuming and arrogant with her Beauty, as Achilles *with the Opinion of his Courage. There was ſcarce any other way of introducing her without giving occaſion for pity, which was abſolutely to be avoided; and therefore the Author hopes in ſuch a Caſe he is pardonable. This Excuſe is addreſt to the Judicious, the generality of the World needed it not, this being the Part in the Play which found the beſt Reception. It often indeed happens, that the Audience is beſt pleas'd where the Author is moſt out of countenance, and that part of the Performance which the Writer Suſpects, the Spectator chiefly approves. When we obſerve how little notice is taken of the noble and ſublime Thougths and Expreſſions of Mr.* Dryden *in* Oedipus, *and what Applauſe is given to the Rants and the Fuſtian of Mr.* Lee, *what can we ſay, but that Madmen are only fit to write, when nothing is eſteem'd Great and Heroick but what is un-intelligible.*

To

To Mr. GRANVILLE, *on his Excellent Tragedy, call'd* HEROICK LOVE.

AUſpicious Poet, wert thou not my Friend,
How could I envy, what I muſt commend!
But ſince 'tis Natures Law in Love and Wit
That Youth ſhou'd Reign, and with'ring Age ſubmit,
With leſs regret, thoſe Lawrels I reſign,
Which dying on my Brows, revive on thine.
With better Grace an Ancient Chief may yield
The long contended Honours of the Field,
Than venture all his Fortune at a Caſt,
And Fight, like *Hannibal*, to loſe at laſt.
Young Princes Obſtinate to win the Prize,
Thô Yearly beaten, Yearly yet they riſe:
Old Monarchs though Succeſsful, ſtill in Doubt,
Catch at a Peace; and wiſely turn Devout.
Thine be the Lawrel then; thy blooming Age
Can beſt, if any can, ſupport the Stage:
Which ſo declines, that ſhortly we may ſee,
Players and Plays reduc'd to ſecond Infancy.
Sharp to the World, but thoughtleſs of Renown,
They Plot not on the Stage, but on the Town,
And in Deſpair their Empty Pit to fill,
Set up ſome Foreign Monſter in a Bill:
Thus they jog on; ſtill tricking, never thriving;
And Murd'ring Plays, which they miſcal Reviving.
Our Senſe is Nonſenſe, through their Pipes convey'd;
Scarce can a Poet know the Play He made;
'Tis ſo diſguis'd in Death: Nor thinks 'tis He
That ſuffers in the Mangled Tragedy.
Thus *Iys* firſt was kill'd, and after dreſs'd
For his own Sire the Chief Invited Gueſt.
I ſay not this of thy ſucceſsful Scenes;
Where thine was all the Glory, theirs the Gains;
With length of Time, much Judgment, and more Toil,
Not ill they Acted, what they cou'd not ſpoil:
Their Setting-Sun ſtill ſhoots a Glim'ring Ray,
Like Ancient *Rome*, Majeſtick in decay:
And better gleanings, their worn Soil can boaſt,
Then the Crab-Vintage of the Neighb'ring Coaſt.
This difference, yet the judging World will ſee;
Thou Copieſt *Homer*, and they Copy thee.

JOHN DRYDEN.

PROLOGUE.

By Henry St. John, Esq;

HOW hard's the Poet's task, in these our days,
Who such dull Pallates is condemn'd to please,
As Damn all Sense, and only Fustian praise:
Charm'd with Heroick Non-sense, lofty strains,
Not with the Writers, but the Players pains,
And by the Actors Lungs, judge of the Poet's Brains.
Let Scribling Judges, who your Pleasures serve,
Live by your Smiles, or by your Anger starve,
To please you in your vain Fantastick way,
Renounce their Judgment, to secure their Pay:
By written Laws, our Author would be try'd,
And writes as if Athenians should decide,
With Horace and the Stagyrite for Guide.
Applause is welcome, but too dearly bought,
Should we give up one rule, those mighty Masters taught.
Yet some, methinks, I here and there descry
Who may with Ancient Rome and Athens vye;
To whose Tribunal, we submit with Joy:
To them, and only them; for not to wrong ye
'Twould be a shame to please the most among ye.
Chiefly the softer Sex, he hopes to move,
Those tender Judges of Heroick Love:
To that bright Circle, he resigns his Cause,
And if they Smile, he asks no more Applause.

EPILOGUE.

By Bevill Higgons, Esq;

WHat will the Galleries, nay Boxes say?
There's not one Man destroy'd in all our Play.
Murder and Blood have long possess'd the Stage,
And pleas'd the Genius of a Barbarous Age,
But since the Poet's task's the Soul to move,
And with his Objects, make you Grieve or Love,
Surviving Wretches should more pity find
Than they who die, and leave their Woes behind.
On Athen's *Stage, when* Greece *the World gave Law.*
Her sprightly Dames our Agamemnon *saw;*
They shar'd his Sorrows, did his Fate bemoan,
And always made the Hero's wrongs their own.
But then the World was Gay, and Nature Young,
Mens Passions were more high, and Fancy strong;
Poets could either raise, or make so sad,
That going Home, whole Audiences ran Mad.
In vain we would your colder Hearts inspire,
And blow up Flames, without the Seeds of Fire.
Three thousand Years ago, illustrious Dames
Attended Camps, and gave the Heroes Flames;
Now every Wench, when Batter'd and Decay'd,
To Flanders *fled, where straight the Rampant Jade*
At once the Colonel serv'd, and the Brigade.
If Poets have the Privilege of Laws
To challenge Juries, who must try their Cause,
To judge of Wit, the Critick be debarr'd,
Who often Damns, what he ne'er saw nor heard;

Besides,

Beſides, he ſtill to Poets bears a ſpite,
For never yet was Critick, who could write.
For You, the Viler Rabble of the Pit,
Who want good Nature, tho' you have no Wit,
Maliciouſly you imitate the Times,
Like Judges try the Men, and not their Crimes;
With Noiſe and Nonſenſe whom you have decry'd,
And if demanded, give no reaſon why,
But when no pity can the Torrent ſtem,
Attaint the Poet, whom you can't condemn.
'Tis on that ſhining Circle we depend, [To the Ladies.
For You———
Our Poet writes, in gratitude defend:
Of Love and Honour, he a Pattern meant,
And took the bright Ideas, that you lent:
Your Picture drawn, ſhow then the Painter Grace
Who fails, in an inimitable Face.

Perſons

Persons Names.

Agamemnon,	King of *Argos*, General of the Allies at the Siege of *Troy*; In Love with *Chruseis*.	Mr. *Betterton*.
Achilles,	General of the Myrmidons.	Mr. *Verbruggen*.
Nestor,	A Græcian Commander.	Mr. *Bowman*.
Ulysses,	Another Commander of the Greeks.	Mr. *Sandford*.
Patroclus,	The Friend of *Achilles*.	Mr. *Scudemore*.
Chryses.	High Priest of *Phœbus*, Father of *Chruseis*.	Mr. *Kynaston*.
Chalcas,	A Græcian Soothsayer.	Mr. *Freeman*.
Talthybius, and *Eurybates*,	Captains of the King's Guard.	Mr. *Baily*.

Officers, Guards, and Attendants to the King.

WOMEN.

Chruseis,	In Love with *Agamemnon*.	Mrs. *Barry*.
Briseis,	Mistress to *Achilles*.	Mrs. *Bracegirdle*
Artemis,	A Woman attendant to *Chruseis*.	Mrs. *Prince*.

Other Women Attendants to Chruseis.

The Scene is of the Græcian Fleet and Camp before TROY.

Heroick Love.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Agamemnon's *Pavillion.*

Enter Chryſes *the Prieſt, and* Chalcas *the Southſayer.*

Chr. SEE him I will, and Muſt.

Chal. See him you may, but wait a better time.

Chr. Chalcas, What time? Whoſe time ſhall *Chryſes* wait?

Shall I, who to th'aſſembled Gods can ſay,
Let me be heard, And ſtraight they bend their Ears,
And at all Hours, are ready to my Prayers;
Shall I upon a Mortal's Leiſure wait?
I ſay, I will be heard, and now.

Chal. Forgive me, Holy *Chryſes*, Prince of Prophets;
Thou Oracle, unerring when thy Gods
Enlighten thee to ſpeak their dark Decrees,
But Humane born, retaining Humane frailties,
Your Reaſon by your Paſſion is miſled;
To temperate Tongues, Unbyaſs'd by reſentment
Truſt your Demands; Or failing to perſuade

You may provoke. For tho' the King be mild,
Enclin'd to Good, of eaſie Diſpoſition,
Yet he's of haſty temper, catching Fire,
As the beſt Natures, are indeed moſt apt:
Surprize him not, nor work him unprepar'd,
He knows not your arrival yet; Let us begin
By eaſie ſteps to lead him to your wiſh;
And if we fail, then urge what you think fit.

Chr. Why do we pray for Children? Call 'em Bleſſings,
And deem the Barren Womb, a Curſe? O Marriage!
Unhappy! Moſt unhappy of all States!
Matching with ſorrows, Teeming ſtill with more,
The Vexed Womb, ſeems to bring forth to Vex,
Producing none but to Diſgrace or Ruin
The raſh Begetters. Had *Helen* never been,
Troy were ſafe: Or had *Chryſeis* been un-born
Greece had been well reveng'd—— O fatal Pair!
Moſt Miſchievous where moſt Belov'd: Pleaſing
And yet Deſtroying. Not *Meduſa* kills
With her envenom'd Glances, half ſo ſure,
Not *Hector's* Sword, has coſt more *Argive* lives,
Nor has *Achilles's* Spear, more *Dardans* ſlain,
Than each of theſe, with her devouring Eyes.

Chal. Well am I pleas'd to find your Soul thus mov'd,
If you can pity, ſure you will redreſs,
Where Pity reſts, there Mercy too will lodge.
Theſe heavy Vengeances that preſs ſo ſore
Are owing to your Pray'rs, incenſing Heaven.
O *Chryſes*, *Chryſes*, Look on yonder Camp,
Behold what heaps of Dead, without one wound;
Behold how like the Dead, the Living look,
So near their End, that they who wait their Friends
To the laſt Rites are burnt on the ſame Pile:
The ſturdy Greeks, unſinew'd by Diſeaſes,
That firmly went, impreſſing deep the Ground

On

On which they trod, with their large lusty strides,
Now scarcely crawl, supported on their Spears:
No Friendly Ray, to shew us to our Tents,
But a dim Red, that overcasts the Sky,
A blood-shot Beam, all dreadful to behold:
Nor march we now, by any other Light
But Funeral Fires.

Chr. Nought canst thou urge from this ——
But that the Gods are just.

Chal. The Gods are just, but they are Merciful,
Were *Chryses* so, these Woes would have an End.

Chr. Th'un-injur'd at their ease, forgiveness preach
At second-hand: But all who smart alike,
Forgive alike: Vengeance is Natures debt,
And all who can, will have it strictly paid;
Forgiveness is the Cunning of Revenge,
A wise delay, for want of Pow'r to hurt,
And but Dissimulation at the best;
Had *Chalcas* lost a Daughter, thus had I urg'd
To him, and he had heard like me.

Chal. Of all the Attributes, that *Jove* can boast,
Mercy's the most Divine; and of all Men
The Merciful are pleasing to the Gods.
Let but a Truce be granted, till we know
The King's resolve.

Chr. No—— Not a Moment's respite will I give,
By dangers I'll awake him from delights,
Whom Plagues shall spare, the Merciless sword shall cut,
And who escape the Sword, new Plagues shall reach.
None rate their Love so high, but they will part
When Life's the Price—— Why do I dally here
In idle talk? Now, now perhaps, this Moment,
The Sacrilegious Ravisher's at work,
And shall I wait, till his hot fit be done;
Shew me the way, and let me rush upon him—— [*Going.*

Chal. Have but an hour's patience Reverend *Chryſes*, [*Stops him.*
Neſtor is gone, and with him wiſe *Ulyſſes*,
Achilles too: A Council is convened
Where your Demands will fully be made known;
You ſhall have Juſtice.

Chr. I will have Juſtice, *Chalcas*, and look to't,
For once I give your humour way——But know
And mark it well—— *Chryſes* muſt have Juſtice,
Or *Agamemnon* periſh.

Chal. Doubt it not *Chryſes*, all will be amended.
But Oh! how much I fear [*Aſide.*
So much I know he loves!

Exeunt Chryſes *and* Chalcas.

Enter Agamemnon *and* Chruſeis.

Ag. O my *Chruſeis*, why theſe alter'd Looks?
Why weeps my Love, whoſe Smiles are all my Joy?
Thoſe Eyes that wont to dance at my approach,
And ſparkle on me with redoubled light
Why veil they now, in Clouds when I draw near?
That charming Voice, that with its chearful ſound
So chear'd my Heart, why is its Language ſad,
Why broken thus with Sighs? Thy gentle hand
Not to be felt without tranſporting Joy,
That when I preſs'd it, anſwer'd to my touch,
Why feels it now ſo cold? O tell thy griefs!
If ought there be in *Agamemnon*'s reach
Tho' with the Price of Kingdoms to be bought,
Tho' with the Lives of Millions to be conquer'd,
Let but *Chruſeis* ſpeak, and think it ſure.

Chru. My deareſt Lord, you wrong my tender Love,
Poſſeſſing you, what is there left to wiſh?
But ah! who fear to loſe what they have got,
May grieve as much, as thoſe who weep for more.

Ag.

Ag. Both to your ſelf and me, 'tis much unjuſt
To fear my Change, or doubt your pow'r to fix,
Arriv'd at Heaven, there's no returning back:
Thy Image, my *Chruſeis*, on my Heart
Lies like a Shield, where every dart that ſtrikes
From any other Eye, bounds ſwiftly back,
Nor leaves a Dint behind.

Chru. O happy *Helen!*
Who when the Trumpets call, and the loud Voice
Of War, provokes the Soldier from his reſt,
Holds faſt her *Paris*, ſafe embrac'd he lies,
Nor call of Honour, takes him from her Arms:
But I unhappy I———

Ag. Diſmiſs that Grief.
The conquering Year's arriv'd, that *Troy* muſt fall,
Nine years of fruitleſs pain, ſo Fates ordain'd
We ſhould endure; the Tenth rewards our toil.
'Tis come, my Fair, nor ſhall our ſlumbers more
Be broke by rude Alarms; But yet a little longer
And all our task is Love; Cloſe cleaving to thy ſide
No cry, To Arms, ſhall interrupt again
Our balmy Joys.

Chru. Still, ſtill I fear.

Ag. Vain are thy fears *Chruſeis*; but they're kind.
The Gods are weary of this doubtful ſtrife,
And now will finiſh it: The Sun nine years
Has roſe and ſet in ſlaughter, and now turns
His face from Death, and ſcarce will look abroad,
But Pale and Sad, winks with a feeble Light
Upon our Camp, as ſick with Humane blood.

Chru. Would that were all. But my fore-boding Mind
Says otherwiſe. Ill omens haunt my ſteps,
Unquiet thoughts diſturb my Nights and Days,
I know not why: And when I meet my Lord,
Some hand unſeen, ſtill thruſts me back again.

And

And chides my haſte: If I but lift my Eyes
On yours, ſome Voice unknown ſtill whiſpers me,
Take heed *Chruſeis*, thoſe are guilty Looks:
Even in the midſt of our tranſporting bliſs,
Where all's devoted to Immortal Love,
In thoſe dear Arms, where none can lie unbleſt,
The Holy Place where Grief ſhould never enter,
Sacred to Joy, Even there my Tears purſue me,
Flowing uncall'd.

Ag. Well have *I* mark'd thoſe Tears,
And chid thy Eyes, which Rapture could not dry.
The Gods are Envious ſure of our delights,
Mankind is never happy, but by halves;
For, from that hour ſince firſt I ſaw my Love
The publick Woes are dated: Then began
Feavours to rage, and Plagues that thin our Ranks;
The Luſty Greeks, that wont to march to Battel
With chearful Pace, now drag their ſloathful feet.
And but in Flight are nimble.
Heartleſs our Victims are, and every Bird
Siniſter flies———

Chru. Alas! am I the Cauſe?

Ag. Nor You, nor I; Elſe ſhould we periſh too;
In midſt of Sickneſs, we preſerve our Health,
In midſt of Death we Live: The Guiltleſs ſcape.
No, my *Chruſeis*, ſome kind Pow'r that ſaw
Theſe Wounds would break my heart, gave thee to heal 'em;
That when returning, driven by thoſe Foes
Whom I was us'd to drive, Embracing thus
I might forget my Griefs: That what I loſe abroad
Might be repaid at home.——Should *Troy* eſcape,
Should *Argos* too be loſt, My Kingdoms all
Laid waſte, and Scepters wreſted from my hand,
Whilſt I can hold *Chruſeis*, I'm a Gainer,
Within theſe Arms, I am a Conquerer ſtill.

Why

Why does my Love not meet my fierce Embrace
With wonted warmth? Why drop thy Snowy Arms
That us'd to claſp me round? —Now by the Gods ſhe Weeps—
What Griefs are yet untold? Thy gentle Heart
Beats at thy Breaſt, like an impriſon'd Bird,
And thy ſwol'n Eyes, like Clouds that paus'd a while,
Flow faſter than before.

Chru. Ah Prince!

Ag. Out with it then, give me thy Griefs, *Chruſeis.*

Chru. My Father———

Ag. What of him?

Chru. Is in your Camp arriv'd———

Ag. He's welcome then.
Fain would I ſee the Man who gave thee life,
The Parent of my Joy———By *Juno* and by *Pallas*
Thoſe Guardians of my Arms, were *Phœbus* ſelf
Arriv'd, whoſe Miniſter he is
That Glorious God, he were not half ſo welcom,
Nor ſhould receive more Honours from the King.

Chru. Alas, he ſeeks not Honours: All his thoughts
Are bent on Heaven, devoted to the Gods,
Thô in his Hand he bears a Golden Scepter,
Thô on his Reverend Head, a Crown he wears
The marks of his high Office, thô to Kings
Equal in Dignity, his humble Mind
Shuns Worldly Pomp———

Ag. So humble, and a Prieſt, my Love! That's ſtrange.

Chru. He comes not here, I know it by my fears,
For Honours, nor for Wealth: for me he comes,
To take me from your Arms, and from your Boſom,
And bear me where I ne'er ſhall ſee you more.
Will *Agamemnon* let him?

Ag. What Armies brings he with him in his Train,
That he ſhould think, here, in my very Camp,
To force my Treaſure from me?

Chru.

Chru. Legions of Gods attend his Pious call,
That ſhoot with Shafts unſeen; And O, perhaps
Theſe Deaths that have already ſtrew'd the Plain
Are owing to his Prayers.

Ag. ———Thy Fears are needleſs,
What is there to offend him in our Loves?
That from a Captive, you become a Queen,
That *Agamemnon*, King of mightieſt Kings
Is Slave to his *Chruſeis*; That the Man
Whom Princes ſerve, ſerve thee.

Chru. Such Honours might perhaps move other Men,
But Oh! His rigid Virtue, nice, ſevere,
Allows to Nature nothing.

Ag. If Honours he contemns, we'll give him Gold,
Wealth he ſhall have enough to Ranſom Kings,
I'll empty all my Treaſures at his Feet:
Prieſts will take Gold: Well may they ſell their Daughters,
Who ſell their Gods.

Enter Talthybius.

Tal. The Great *Achilles*
With *Neſtor*, and the Prince of *Ithaca*,
Approach your Royal Tent.

Ag. They ſent us word, that ſomewhat of import
They would reveal, that does concern us much,
Our Honour and our Peace, and would reſtore
Health to our Soldiers, to our Arms Succeſs.
Retire my Fair, nor vex thy gentle Mind
With needleſs doubts——Thô Men and Gods conſpire
I'll hold thee faſt——My Life, my Soul, Farewel.

He leads her to the Door.
Exit Chruſeis.

Enter

Enter Achilles, Neſtor, *and* Ulyſſes.

Uly. Health to the King; nor can we wiſh him better
In Camps where foul Infections ſeize on all,
And mix without diſtinction, Baſe and Noble.
Ach. Atrides heeds not that; Secure of Love
What tho' the Soldiers die; the Princes murmur;
What tho' *Troy* ſtand, ſo but *Chryſeis* ſmile;
The publick Griefs are general to all
But Thee; Oh happy *Agamemnon!*
Ag. The King of Myrmidons, of all Mankind
Might have ſpar'd that reproach; for 'tis well known,
Brave as he is, oft when the Trumpet ſounds,
He'l loyter———
For a parting Kiſs from his *Briſeis.*
Neſt. What cruel woes have Women brought to *Greece!*
For Empire and for Honour once we fought,
But the New Mode is Women——— Curſed Sex!
Of all our Plagues, the Worſt! Nor will our Camp
Be free, whilſt there's one Woman left.
Ag. Old Age may make us all thus Cynical,
But *Neſtor* once was Young, and then a Woman
After the tug of a hard *Foughten-Field*
Paſt for a Bleſſing——— But to our Buſineſs now.
At your requeſt, *Achilles*, we are met,
Firſt let us ſit———

They ſit. Agamemnon *and* Achilles *in two Chairs of State at the Upper end of the Table:* Neſtor *and* Ulyſſes *on each ſide.*

———If you have ought to urge
Of publick Good; Ought that can heal our wounds,
And ſtay the Vengeance of offended *Jove,*

Speak freely, Princes, —— *Agamemnon*'s heart
Bleeds for his People: If the Gods require
His Life, a Sacrifice to save the rest,
And to atone their Wrath——The King shall die.
Nest. Well have you vow'd, O King, and I rejoyce [*Rises.*
To find such Piety—— O *Jove* confirm it.
Kings above other Mortals are requir'd
To be observant to the Pow'rs divine,
Since on their Actions, Good or Ill, depends
The Publick Peace—— O Gods! what crimes are these!
Whose Crimes?
No private Man's, since a whole Nation suffers,
No little fault, the Vengeance is too great;
And much I fear, whoe're th'offender be,
This Criminal is obstinate in Guilt:
For mark it well; these Judgments by degrees
Grew more, and greater daily: The Disease
First on our Cattle seiz'd: The generous Horse
That bore his Rider, safe thrô armed Ranks
Snapping in sunder Darts and Spears, then fell
Unhurt, Untoucht—— From Beasts it spread to Men;
The merry Greeks, as at their Cups they sit,
Drop in the midst of Laughter—— As some huge Tow'r
At which Men gaze, astonish'd at its strength,
If Waters undermine, and Springs unseen
Sap its foundation, Unawares comes down
And covers with its ruins all the Place,
So look our strong Battalions, and so fall
VVhole Ranks at once, and the Dead lie on heaps.
O *Phœbus!* Stay thy hand that shoots unseen,
All Pestilence, all Feavours are from thee,
These shafts are thine, restrain thy murdering wrath,
For pious *Agamemnon*, King of Kings,
Has vow'd to do thee justice.

He sits. Ulysses *rises.*
Uly.

Uly. Great are our Ills: Too grievous to be born
Had we a King leſs Pious———Kings there are
Who, ſlaves to their own Wills, regard not Fame,
What, thô their People weep, their Eyes are dry;
What thô they ſtarve, Their Coffers ſtill are full;
Thô Heaven by ſureſt tokens of its wrath
Give warning to repent, They mind not Heaven,
But ſtill go on, and own no Gods but Luſt.
Such Kings, are hated here, deſpis'd hereafter;
Their memory's are curſt, the Widows tears
And Orphans wrongs, reveng'd upon their Iſſue.
What Glories then, O mighty *Agamemnon!*
What Honours here, what Praiſe in after-times;
What Love of Men, what Favour of the Gods,
Will crown thy pious deeds, who looking down
With aking heart on thy griev'd Peoples ſuff'ring,
Haſt vow'd to give whate're the Gods exact,
Thô dear as Life, to ſtay their Miſeries.

Ag. Neſtor, in Wiſdom neareſt to the Gods,
By long experience of three Ages taught,
O were thy Strength proportioned to thy Mind,
Achilles would be weak, compar'd to thee,
Could but thy Body, bending under Years,
Act thy high Thoughts, *Troy* ſhould not ſtand a Day;
And thou *Ulyſſes*, Prince of *Ithaca*,
Forward in Fight, and fam'd for Stratagem,
Be witneſſes to Men, of what I ſwear.
And thou, O *Jove*, the giver of all Laws, [*Riſes, all riſe.*
And *Phœbus* too, who from thy Orb above
Art conſcious to what Mortals do, or ſay;
O Seas, O Earth, and you impartial Pow'rs
Below, who judge and puniſh Perjury,
Bear an eternal Record of my Oath.
If I have err'd, and not atone my Crime, [*Sits, all ſits.*
Whatever way the Deities ordain,

If I obey not, as at *Aulis* once,
When to appeaſe *Diana*'s cruel rage
My *Iphigenia* was led forth to bleed,
Publick Diſhonour, and Domeſtick ſtriſe
Be then my doom——— If any other Prince,
Thô *Menelaus*, *Ajax*, *Diomede*,
Or, thô laſt nam'd, the firſt of all the Greeks,
Divine *Achilles*, honour'd as a God,
Be Author of theſe Plagues, if thrô reſpect,
Thrô favour, or thrô fear, I ſpear the Guilty,
On me, and mine, ſtill light this heavy Curſe.

Ach. Then hear *Atrides*, what the Gods declare,
What they require, and who's the Guilty Man,
'Tis Thou art this Offender———

Ag. Ha!

Ach. Nay, Frown not, Son of *Atreus*, for 'tis true:
Frowns do not fright *Achilles*, but provoke.
Apollo is th'offended God, and thou
The Criminal—— But not for Vows forgot,
Or *Hecatombs* omitted, come theſe Plagues,
But for his Prieſt, who's Daughter's here detain'd
Againſt his Will—— *Chryſes* himſelf is come
With his Demands, as Legate from high Heaven,
And holy *Chalcas*, who reads every Page
Of ſecret Fate, and knows the Hearts of Gods,
More Plagues denounces, till ſhe be reſtor'd.

Ag. *Chryſes* and *Chalcas* are two Lying Prieſts:
Thou the Fomenter of Eternal Broils;
And this a Plot to vex me.

Neſt. What you have heard, *Atrides*, is moſt true,
Such is the Will of Heaven: But grieve not, King,
He comes not empty handed to demand
His Daughter back——The Prieſt a Ranſom brings
As might content———

Ag. The Avarice of a Prieſt.

Were

Were I old *Nestor*, past the Age of Love,
I might sell mine——— I scorn this proffer'd Treasure;
My Honour's now concern'd to keep my Love,
Lest the Malicious World, that censures Kings
Like common Men, should say of *Agamemnon*
That like a sordid Slave, he chang'd for Gold
All that his Soul held dear.

Ach. But like a sordid Slave to Lusts as vile;
You matter not to sacrifice your Fame,
To brave the Gods with violated Oaths,
To sell your Faith, your Glory, and the Lives
Of Millions, for a Woman.

Ag. Proud Myrmidon, provoke me not too far,
Upon thy Life no more———

Ach My Life! Who dares attempt it?

Ag. Ha! Who dares———

[*They rise, and laying their Hands on their Swords stand in a posture of Drawing.* Nestor *and* Ulysses *interpose.*

Uly. Take heed *Achilles*, and respect the King,
Who strike at Kings, repeat the Giants crime,
And strike at *Jove.*

Nest. to Ag. You know his temper, Cholerick and Fierce,
Provoke him not, *Atrides*, 'tis not well:
You that should shew th'Example of good Order,
Whom all the Princes and the Kings of *Greece*
Have chosen their Leader—— For shame, command your self.

Ag. Unconscionable Men! Must I of all the Greeks,
Must I be robb'd, of what the Chance of War
Has made my Prize? I, only I, debarr'd
Of what to every Centinel's allow'd?
What petty Leader is there in the Camp
Whom I disturb? When, when did I invade

Another's

Another's Pleaſures? —— *Neſtor*, *Ulyſſes*, ſpeak,
And Thou, *Achilles*, Did I ever wrong
You of your Rights? Or with Laſcivious rage
Force from your Tents, your Captives? Princes ſpeak,
Why then theſe wrongs to Me?

Uly. Not we, *Atrides*, but th'Immortal Gods——

Neſt. Can *Agamemnon*, that Religious King,
Who not deny'd his Daughter to the Gods,
Refuſe a Stranger and a Captive?

Ach. Leave, leave him to his Fate, and let *Troy* ſtand,
Whom Heaven abandons, Men in vain ſupport.
What harm has *Troy* done us? Nor came we here
But for his ſake, Ungrateful as he is.
My Troops I'll lead from this Infectious Air,
And let him moulder here in Plagues alone.

Ag. Go when thou wilt; in an unlucky hour
Thou cam'ſt —— And may ill Fate go with thee.
Lead hence thy Myrmidons, to *Pthia* back,
And plague ſome other Country with thy Pride:
Or back to *Lycomede*'s Daughters —— whence
Ulyſſes forc'd thee hither, to fulfill
The muſty Prophecies of Doating Prieſts,
That *Troy*, without thy aid, could not be conquer'd;
There hide thee in thy Woman's Dreſs again,
And with inhoſpitable Luſt debauch
Some new *Deidamia*.

Ach. Had *Mars* himſelf ſaid this—[*Lays his hand on his Sword.*

Ag. Keep in thy Rage: We know that thou can'ſt fight,
I am thy Witneſs, who have ſeen thee pierce
The Dardan Ranks —— So would *Therſites* fight
Had he been dipt in *Stix*: Or had Lame *Mulciber*
Wrought him a Coat of Arms not to be pierc'd.
What Slave with an invulnerable Skin,
And with impenetrable Armour on,
Would be a Coward?

Ach.

Ach. Thus I reply—— This Injury's thy laſt.
[*Draws*; Neſtor *and* Ulyſſes *hold him.*

Ag. Not ſo, *Achilles*, there remains behind
A greater yet—— Where are our Guards,
Talthybius and *Eurybates*——
Neſt. Sheath, ſheath your Sword——
The King ſhall make amends.

Enter Talthybius, Eurybates, *and Guard.*

Uly. You were too fierce; and ſo would you be mov'd
Were your belov'd *Briſeis* threatned.
Ach. Not all his Guards ſhall ſave him——
[*They hold him, he ſtruggles*
Ag. Hurt not, but keep that roaring Lion in.
And thou *Talthybius*, with our choiceſt Troops
Haſte to *Achilles* Tent, and fetch *Briſeis*;
Kill all that dare reſiſt, 'tis my Command.
Exit Talthybius.
I'll let thee know, by what thy ſelf ſhalt feel,
What 'tis to part two Lovers.
Ach. ſtruggling. Thou dar'ſt not do it——
By the Gods thou dar'ſt not.
Ag. Thou turbulent Invader of my Love
Be this thy Puniſhment, and learn from hence
How to reſpect Superior Majeſty.
Now let him looſe, to ſave [*To the Guard.*
His Miſtreſs if he can.
Ach. Love calls me hence e'er I can take thy Life;
But my next Labour my Revenge ſhall be,
Tremble, *Atrides*, that my Hands are free.
Exit Achilles.
Uly. Oh Gods! What Joy to *Priam* will this bring,
What Grief to the Achæans!

Neſt.

Neſt. O *Agamemnon!* this double Violence——

Ag. I gueſs your meaning, *Neſtor*, but intend
Nor Love, nor Violence, to fair *Briſeis*;
Untouch'd with all reſpect ſhe ſhall remain
Till I have humbled this Proud Myrmidon.
But O *Chruſeis!*
Love, Piety, and Honour pull at once
All ſeveral ways—— Nor know I which to follow.
O *Jove* aſſiſt me in this doubtful ſtrife,
And if thou doom'ſt my Love, Condemn my Life.

Exeunt.

The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Scene changes to the Tents of Achilles.

Enter Achilles *and* Patroclus.

Pat. FOrgive their Ignorance———
Ach. Their Ignorance was Cowardice, *Patroclus.*
I'll hear no more.
The faithful Dog, flies at the Robbers throat
That would break in, to force his Maſter's treaſure;
But Dogs are watchful Servants, true to truſt,
Men are the firſt to prey upon their Lords,
In danger they forſake us, ſhifting ſtill
From ſide to ſide, as they can mend their bargains:
Are theſe, are theſe thoſe daring Myrmidons
That threaten *Hector* with their valiant boaſts,
And could they ſtand Spectators of my wrongs?
With Arms a-croſs, behold my rifled Tent,
Nor with drawn Swords, and lifted Spears ruſh in
To kill the Raviſhers———
Pat. What could ſuch a handful———
Ach. They ſhould have dy'd, if not enough to Conquer,
Each ſtanding in his Rank, with Shield to Shield,
Have made a Wall, and barr'd the Paſſage up.
Briſeis, O *Briſeis!* art thou loſt,

And do I live? And art thou raviſh'd from me,
And art thou unreveng'd? O had'ſt thou dy'd!
Had we been ſunder'd by the common Courſe
Of Mortal things, Neceſſity and Fate
Th'inevitable doom of will-ful Gods,
Had made theſe Griefs leſs painful——Had'ſt thou been falſe
And left me——Then I had hated——
For Falſhood is a Cure for ſtrongeſt Paſſions,
Contempt ſucceeds, and to Contempt, Averſion:
But thou wert true, our Loves were in the Spring,
And yet we part: A humane Pow'r divides us,
A Man leſs worthy than my ſelf has forc'd thee,
And I muſt tamely bear it.

Pat. The Gods are ſparing even to thoſe they love,
And ſtint their Bounties to the Beſt of Men:
A Man and never croſs'd, would be a God.

Ach. They ſhould have form'd my Nature then to bear,
They ſhould have made me a tame patient Fool,
If they had meant to exerciſe my Patience:
But they have caſt me in a fiery Mould,
Of wrong Impatient, furious for Revenge.
Why ſhould they tempt us, where our Virtue fails?
Why do they give us frailties, yet expect
That we ſhould act, as free from any Weakneſs?
If Nature muſt reſiſt to all attacks,
Why is not Nature fortify'd alike
In every part? Why are we fram'd ſo brittle,
If we muſt never break? O had they try'd my Courage!
Had *Jove* commanded more than *Juno* bid
The ſtrong *Alcides*, he had found me proof:
But Patience is the Virtue of an Aſs
That trots beneath his burthen and is quiet:
A Man's above it, and I ſcorn my Load
Which I'll ſhake off, or periſh.

Pat.

Pat. Oh Love! Thou bane of the moſt generous Souls!
Thou doubtful Pleaſure! And thou certain Pain!
What Magick's thine, that melts the hardeſt Hearts?
That fools the wiſeſt Minds? What Art is this
That on ſo long Experience of all Ages,
So known, ſo try'd a Traytor ſhould be truſted.

Ach. Now by th'Immortal Gods, this Rape has pleas'd her;
She willing went, delighted with the Change:
Oh! She could never from her heart forgive
My Rage at Sack'd *Lyrneſſus*; when mounting up
The mighty Wall, thrô Darts, and Stones, and Spears,
I fill'd the Streets with ſlaughter of her Friends:
Her ſeven Brothers, at her feet lay dead,
She only ſcap'd, her wondrous Beauty ſav'd her,
And in the midſt of Fury, made me tame.
Sleep, ſleep ye Ghoſts, lie quiet in your Graves,
Briſeis has reveng'd your bloody Deaths,
Oh! She has thruſt a Dagger in my Heart,
I feel the pois'ned Point, Here, here it ſticks,
It tears, and burns, and I ſhall ſleep no more.

Pat. Suppoſe her falſe: And count this mighty Loſs,
A Woman! and a Woman you've enjoy'd!
Compoſe your ſelf, nor let the Great *Achilles*
Be thus diſturb'd about a Trifle.

Ach. And art thou Falſe, *Briſeis*; art thou falſe?
Was then thy tenderneſs thrô Feat, not Love?
And didſt thou, like a Serpent, twine about me
Only to ſting? And does this Parting pleaſe?
O how ſhe claſps *Atrides* in her Arms!
So ſhe hugg'd me, and with her darting Kiſſes ——
Met me half way, as now ſhe meets his Lips.
How cloſe ſhe clings! and how with rapture melts!
Achilles is forgot —— Or if remember'd,
'Tis but to curſe me for her ſlaughter'd Brothers.

Pat. If ſhe is falſe, ſhe is not worth this care:
If ſhe is true, her Virtue will ſecure her.

Ach. No——She is true—By all the Gods ſhe loves me:
Her Vows were juſt, her Tenderneſs ſincere;
There could be no Deceit in ſuch embraces.
The Joys ſhe felt, were mighty as my own,
I ſaw it in her Eyes, that dy'd away,
I felt it in her Arms, that claſpt me cloſe,
And in the eagerneſs of every Kiſs,
Love could not be diſſembled in thoſe Moments.
But what's her Love, her Virtue, or her Truth?
The Raviſher has caught her, ſhe muſt yield:
O how that Image ſtings! Now, now he drags her!
His Luſtful Arm, ſtrong twiſted in her Hair,
In his right hand, with his drawn Sword he threatens;
See! She reſiſts.—— And with her tender Nails
She tears his Cheeks, and ſtruggles out of breath;
On Heaven ſhe calls, on her *Achilles* calls,
Help, Help, ſhe crys, I can reſiſt no longer,
The Raviſher's too ſtrong, and Innocence
Too weak for Luſt——Help, Help, *Achilles*, help.
Arm, Arm, *Patroclus*, let our Squadrons move,
Draw every Sword to ſave my Raviſh'd Love;
Nor leave the ſlaughter, till the Tyrant lies
Struck to the Ground, and cut to pieces dies. [*Exit Achill.*

Pat. Love is a Phrenſy that the Gods have ſent
To puniſh Sins; for ſureſt Vengeance meant:
To Love, is to be doom'd in Life to feel
What after Death, the tortur'd meet in Hell:
The Vulture, dipping in *Prometheus* ſide
His bloody beak, with his torn Liver dy'd.
Is Love——The Stone that labours up the Hill
Mocking the Labourer's toil, returning ſtill:
Is Love——Thoſe ſtreams where *Tantalus* is curſt
To ſit, and never drink with endleſs thirſt,
Thoſe loaden Boughs, that with their burthen bend
To court his taſte, and yet eſcape his hand;

Alb.

All this is Love: That to dissembled Joys
Invites vain Men, with real griefs destroys.

(*Exit* Patroclus.

The Scene Changes to Agamemnon's *Pavillion.*

Enter Agamemnon *attended.* Nestor, Ulysses. Talthybius, *whispering the King.*

Ag. 'Tis well *Talthybius*,——be it your care
To see all fitting Honours paid; we would
Seem Just, not Terrible: And thô our Hearts
Be shut to any other Love, Respect
Is every Woman's due——*Nestor* King of *Pyle*
What says the Holy Man.

(*Exit* Talthybius.

Nes. He'll not be mov'd.

Ag. But did you press him with your utmost art,
With all that force of Famous Eloquence
As I have heard you when the Squadrons fly
Stop Armies in a Rout; make Cowards turn
And run on certain Death.

Nes. All that was fit, I said.

Ag. And did you tell him of my wondrous Love,
How much I grieve, but at this name of parting:
That I'd to *Argos* send her Crown'd my Queen,
That she should Reign in *Clytemnestra*'s stead,
That I would give him all the Wealth of *Greece*,
Empty my Coffers, ransack Kingdoms for him——

Nes aside.) Half the price might purchase the whole Sex.

Ag. And did you Weep, my *Nestor*, could you Weep
For sad *Atrides*? Down thy Reverend Cheeks
Flow'd the round drops? Did you add Tears to Words?

Nes.

Nes. I wept indeed———
aside.) For a new *Hellen* born.
That brings more woes to *Greece.*

Ag. Inhuman Priest! Why have the Gods such Servants?
The Gods are Merciful———But Priests are Bloody,
Peevish, Hard-Hearted, Positive and Proud;
Curst obstinate Old Man!
A-part to Ulysses.) A word *Ulysses*———Saw you *Chruseis?*

Uly. I did as you commanded; and inform'd her
Of this hard decree———I would I had not.

Ag. Thou art a Judge of Tenderness, *Ulysses,*
The Fair *Penelope,* whom thou hast left,
Oft gives thee waking thoughts———Oh! If to part
Thô but to meet again, be such a pain,
What is't to part for ever?
How bore she the surprising Sentence?

Uly. At first she wept; and as we see the Sun
Shine thrô a shower, so lookt her beauteous Eyes
Casting forth Light and Tears together.

Ag. You told it not as a thing fixt and certain.

Uly. Not wholly fixt, but scarce to be avoided.
To Tears succeeded Rage, like claps of Thunder,
And then a Calm———I left her in a *Swoon.*

Ag. Oh my torn Heart!

Enter Chruseis.

Chru. And must we part? *Atrides* must we part?
And do you say it? Has your Tongue pronounc'd
The Sentence of my Death? Have you consented?
Oh *Agamemnon*! All my Fears were true,
My hopes were false, built on your faithless Vows;
'Tis scarce an hour, since with your Lips to mine,
Pressing my Body in your eager Arms,
You Swore, and call'd down every God to witness

That

That nothing ever ſhould divide our Loves,
And the next News is, that we part for ever.

Ag. What will the Fates do with me!

Chru. The Greeks, the Greeks will have it; *Chalchas* has dreamt,
Neſtor has made a Speech, *Achilles* Frownd,
And Mighty *Agamemnon* muſt obey!
Has then this Leader of the World in Arms
No will, no reaſon of his own? Muſt he
Who Governs all, by every one be Govern'd?
Had *Paris* thus, *Paris*, who was no King,
No General, of no Authority,
Had he for a few threats, reſign'd his *Hellen*,
Troy had been free'd from danger: *Priam* wept,
Caſſander Propheſied, and *Hector* rag'd:
The People cry'd aloud to give her back,
The furious Greeks with Fire and Sword demand her.
Burn, burn, ſaid he, Proud City, *Illium* fall,
Father, Brothers, Country, periſh all,
But ſtill be *Hellen* mine; My Love be mine.
Has *Paris* then, more Love than *Agamemnon*,
More Courage, to look danger in the Face,
Or I leſs Charms, to make my Lover bold?

Agamemnon ſtands ſilent ſeeming in great diſtraction of Thought, and looking ſometimes ſteadfaſtly upon her.

Neſt. Were *Agamemnon* but a private Man
So might he love; and to a Woman's arms
Reſign all other care: Thô that be Weakneſs,
But for a King, who has the charge of Nations,
Entruſted with the glory of his People,
Of many Kings, confederates in his quarrel,
The Vengeance of the Gods———

Chru.

Chru. Why ſhould the Gods be angry at our Loves?
I leave no Husband, no Pollution bring,
I am no *Hellen.*

Uly. The Gods are abſolute; whate'er they will
Muſt be obey'd? Nor ought we ask the Cauſe.
See how he ſtands diſtracted with his Thoughts,
This way, and that way, moving in his mind;
Oh! Let him take the Path that honour leads,
And veil thoſe Eyes, that break his heart with doubts.

Chru. My Glory is offended at his doubts,
Nor ſhall the Man who had my leave to love
Forſake me till I pleaſe. Try all your Arts,
Plot, Plot, *Ulyſſes*, and thou, *Neſtor*, tempt him
With all the ſtrength of pow'rful Eloquence,
Join Greeks and Heaven; Ambition, Piety,
Like Gods tugging at the Chain of *Jove*,
I will oppoſe my Eyes, and bring him back.

Ag. Oh *Chruſeis!*

Uly. Had *Iphigenia* been thus obſtinate,
Our Fleet at *Aulis* might have anchor'd ſtill.
But ſhe came forth a Victim to the Gods
And chearfully obey'd their cruel call:
Th'aſſembly wept; She only, ſhe, look'd glad,
And offer'd to the Knife her willing Throat
To ſave her Father——— Can a Miſtreſs be
Leſs kind and tender than a Daughter?

Chru. O that the Gods commanded but my death,
How gladly would I die! To Die and Part
Is a leſs Evil—But to Part and Live
There, there's the Torment—— Change, ye Gods, my doom;
Take, take my Life t'attone your bloody wrath;
Come lead me to the Altar, let me bleed;
Is there a ſingle drop within theſe Veins,
Is there a Limb, that I would leave unmangled,
To give my deareſt *Agamemnon* Joy.

[Agamemnon *takes her in his Arms.*

Ag.

Ag. Live, Live, *Chryſeis*——Live Immortal—— Thus
And thus Embrac'd, and be of Life as ſure
As it is ſure that we will never part.

Neſt. apart to Ulyſſes. This *Hellen* in our Camp
Is worſe then her at *Troy*—— O why have Women Beauty,
But as the Syrens Voice? To ruine
All they meet.

Uly. to Neſtor. Let 'em alone to pleaſe themſelves a while,
I have a Plot, ſhall ſunder 'em, when moſt
They think themſelves ſecure.

Chru. My dear *Atrides*, may I truſt your Love?
Tell me, my King, whilſt thus around thy Neck
I throw my Arms, and preſs thee to my Boſom,
Will you forſake me?

Ag. Empire and Victory, be all forſaken,
All but *Chryſeis*——— Yes, ye partial Powers!
To Plagues add Poverty, Diſgrace, and Shame;
Strip me of all my Dignities and Crowns,
Not one of all your Curſes will be felt
Whilſt I can keep this Bleſſing. Take, Oh! take
Your Scepters back, and give 'em to my Foes;
Give me but Life, and Love, and my *Chryſeis*,
'Tis all I ask of Heaven.

Neſt. Think of your Oath, *Atrides*, how you ſwore———

Chru. Yes, he has ſworn; Be witneſs Heaven and Earth,
Be witneſs Sun and Moon, and every Star,
Be witneſs all ye Gods, that he has ſworn:
Is there an hour, either of Night or Day
Free from ſome Oath, of Everlaſting Love?
Think, think on that *Atrides*.

Ag. Since perjur'd either way, I'll chuſe the beſt;
Be broke all Oaths, but what I made to thee.

Neſt. Then farewell *Troy*—— 'Tis better ſailing back
Than ſtay conſuming here with Plagues.

Ag. And ſo we will; to Night we will Embark:
Draw-in your Anchors, hoiſe-up every Sail:
What is this Town, that I ſhould loſe one Hour
Of ſmiling Love to win it? O *Chruſeis!*
Thy tender truth, has mov'd my Soul ſo much,
I will be deaf, to every call but thine.
Be it your care, *Ulyſſes*, to diſpoſe
Our Troops to march.

Uly. I'll carry no ſuch orders.
Nor would they pay Obedience if I ſhould,
They love your Honour better.

Ag. Our cauſe of War, is Scandalous and Mean,
The quarrel of a Bully, for a Jilt.
So many valiant Trojans, as have dy'd
Theſe fertile Fields, for nine Years ſpace with ſlaughter,
And made the ſwift *Scamander* run with blood,
And *Menelaus*, who in ſingle fight
Struck to the ground, this Raviſher for dead,
Has ſatisfy'd our Vengeance, and our Honour.

Chru. Atrides, no. Your Glory muſt be mine,
Nor can you thus retreat without diſgrace.
Believe me, Prince, who lightly weigh their Fame
Make but ill Lovers: Honour's the ſtrongeſt Ty,
That Chain once broke, there's nothing left to bind.
It is my Pride, that the firſt Man on Earth
Loves me: Oh *Agamemnon* keep that Name,
Be glorious ſtill——Send for my Cruel Father,
Thy Love may teach thee Eloquence to move him.
Remember that *Chruſeis* is at ſtake,
Nor think it mean, to Kneel, to Beg, to Weep;
This be your preſent Task: I leave you to it,
Adding no more but thus, and more is well.
Be conſtant in this Tryal of thy Love,
Mine may be next: Fate in each other's hand

Has

Has plac'd a mighty Truſt: Be true to thine,
Thy care be Love: And Glory ſhall be mine.

Exit Chruſeis.

Ag. By *Mars*, her Father's Spirit mov'd her Tongue,
And his Prophetick Fury ſhook her Soul.

Neſt. Right Woman ſtill———
Then Fouleſt, when moſt Niceneſs they pretend;
They'l talk of Honour, whilſt they'r acting Shame.

Uly. She brought theſe Plagues, yet Counſels you to ſtay;
Can this be Love?

Ag. Now by the Gods ſhe loves me; Peace, Blaſphemers.
Conceptions may like Oracles be dark
To humane ſearch, till by Events explain'd.
Oh! I have faith, for every word ſhe ſpeaks,
And when I leave her, may the Furies ſeize me.

Enter Chalcas.

Chal. Hear *Agamemnon*, all ye Princes hear.
Thus to the Gods, in ſacred Synod met
Has *Jove* pronounc'd———Let not one God be ſeen
Henceforth to help the Greeks: Our ſelf to day
Will lead the Trojans on, to vengeful Fight:
Mars whets his Sword, and *Phœbus* keens his Darts,
And the broad *Cyclops*, forge unerring Bolts;
Juno and *Pallas*, and the Friends of *Greece*
In vain implore: But Chidden ſtand aloof,
Nor dare reply. Yet e'er the Doom be Seal'd,
Or writ by Fate irrevocable down,
If poſſible, attone this Wrath of Heaven,
Appeaſe the Gods, and ſend *Chruſeis* back,
The Cauſe, the curſed Cauſe of all our Plagues.

Ag. Prophet, be dumb.
I read thy purpoſe, and I know thee well,
Thy fatal Voice, ne'er boded good to me:

Brib'd by *Achilles* ſtill with popular lies,
Deviſing Prophecies to croſs my Will.
Think not that I forget, Seditious Prieſt,
'Twas thy curſt Tongue, pronounc'd my Daughter's Death:
The Gods are Juſt, and Merciful, and Mild,
Nor made ſuch harſh Demands. 'Twas Prieſt-craft all.

Chal. From Heaven theſe warnings come— O hear me, King!
Be yet advis'd———

Ag. Not Fate's more fixt: Whate'er the Gods have purpos'd,
My Purpoſe is immutable as theirs.
Nor think me raſh, or obſtinate in this;
Debated and Deliberate's my reſolve,
Whatever Eloquence can urge or frame
I have fore-thought: And ſhall I part with love
More precious than my Life, to ſave my Life?
What Fool would barter Bleſſings for a Curſe?
And Life without *Chruſeis*, is the worſt
That Fate can find.

Chal. But Millions are concern'd.

Ag. And can they better die than for *Chruſeis*?
The World's a worthleſs Sacrifice for her
More worth than thouſand Worlds. Let Chaos come,
Confuſion ſeize on all, whene'er we part;
Intr'eſt, Ambition, Piety, Renown,
Pity, and Reaſon, I have weigh'd 'em all,
But O how light! When Love is in the Scale.

Chal. If Love with every breath can drive it thus
No more let Glory lodge in Humane breaſt.

Ag. The Gods that with unnumber'd Eyes look down
From their high Firmament, all ſtuck with Lights,
See nothing half ſo Glorious or ſo Bright.
Glory, that common Miſtreſs of Mankind,
Courted by all, but by ſo few poſſeſs'd,
For which ſo many Rivals hourly fall,
Early I ſaw, was tempted, and enjoy'd.

But

But Love has led me to new Realms of Bliſs,
Where Pleaſures bloſſom with Eternal ſpring,
Enjoyment's made immortal by deſire,
And Joys flow in on Joys, and Rapture ſtreams:
All other ſweets are viſionary bliſs,
Nothing but Love ſubſtantial extaſie.

Neſt. Oh! That a Face ſhould thus confound our Reaſon!
This is meer Wildneſs, Phrenzie, Raving,——
Lunaticks talk better Senſe—If this be Love,
Why then, to Love, is to be Mad, ſtark Mad.

Chal. Not for thy ſelf, for thou ſeem'ſt pleas'd with ruine:
But for the Lives and Honours of all *Greece*
Do I emplore—— *Neſtor, Ulyſſes,* join,
Entreat him all.——
Weep Princes for your Glories are at ſtake,
Weep all ye Soldiers for your Lives condemn'd,
Melt, melt this ſtubborn King—— Oh *Agamemnon!*
To thee I kneel, thus hanging on thy Robe,
Who never wept or knelt but to the Gods;
Let Pity and let Piety prevail:
Behold in me, their Repreſentative,
The Gods of *Greece* all proſtrate at thy Feet,
To ſave their Altars that this Night are doom'd
A prey to Trojan rage.

Uly. Not for my ſelf, or that I fear to die,
Would I avert theſe Fates——

Ag. Gods, 'tis too much! why am I hunted thus?
Let looſe my Robe——
O Love! How hard a Fate is thine,
Obtain'd with Trouble, and with Pain preſerv'd,
Never at reſt.

Re-enter Chruſeis.

Haſte to my Reſcue, my *Chruſeis* come,
O hide me from theſe Tyrants, in thy Arms,
Thou only bring'ſt me Peace.

Chal.

Chal. She only brings you Ruine.
Neſt. Infamy.
Uly. Inevitable Fate.
Chru. I fear'd th'advantage that my abſence gave,
Forgive my doubts that bring me back again.
By Gods abandon'd, and Mankind purſu'd;
All, all are Foes to your *Chruſeis* now,
Nothing but Love pleads for me.
Ag. And Love's enough: What argument ſo ſtrong?
Abſent and Preſent, thou art ſtill the ſame,
My Faith's the ſame——What thô the Hunter flies,
The ſtrucken Stag bleeds on.
Th'impreſſion that thou leav'ſt upon my Soul
Lies there ſo deep, ſo lively, and ſo full,
That Memory recalls no other Thought
But only Love: And only Love of thee.
Chal. Chryſes will have a better anſwer——
Ag. No other will I give——So tell him, Prophet:
O there is wondrous Eloquence in Eyes!
Let him complain, and arm all Heaven againſt me:
Yet ſtay—— Our ſelf will hear what he demands.
Fain would I reconcile my Love and Fame;
Judge me, ye Powers! I would be juſtifi'd
In all I do——But come what will——
Gods ye may make us Periſh; but not Part.
Give me thy hand.
Thô the Winds beat, and loud the Billows roar,
Firm ſtands the Rock, Unſhaken from the Shoar:
Againſt my Love, thô Heaven and Earth combine,
So will I cleave to Thee, for Ever thine.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter from one ſide of the Theatre Agamemnon, *attended: From the other* Chryſes, *follow'd by Prieſts. Trumpets ſounding.*

Ag. ART thou that Holy Man, ſo near the Gods,
Admitted to their Synods, to encline
Their hearts to Men, to repreſent our Griefs,
And move redreſs for the afflicted World,
Yet art thy ſelf, obdurate to our Prayers,
Can'ſt with dry Eyes, behold a Monarch weep,
And preaching Mercy, yet thy ſelf have none?

Chry. Art thou that King renown'd for pious deeds,
Who from far *Argos*, to the *Dardan* Coaſt
Ha'ſt led ſo many Kings to puniſh Rapes,
Yet art thy ſelf, a Raviſher?

Ag. Thy Daughter was a Captive of the War,
My liberal Stars made me the precious Gift:
Thy right is loſt; by Conqueſt ſhe is mine.

Chry. Then as a Captive I demand her back,
Paying her Ranſom, which by right of War
None can refuſe.

Ag. Keep, keep thy ſordid Pelf,
The Gleanings of thy Trade by holy Taxes;
Should that bright God, whoſe Miniſter thou art,

Who,

Who, in his ſpacious round, from Pole to Pole,
Surveys the hidden Treaſures of the deep,
Then lifting up his prying Eyes to Land
Searches the ſecret bowels of the Earth,
O ſhould he bid me for my lov'd *Chruſeis*
All that his Eye beholds, his Beams create
In that vaſt Circle, of the girded Globe,
By *Mars*, it were too little——Prieſt I tell thee
She is above all Ranſom.

Chr. Then ranſomleſs reſtore her.

Ag. Ungrateful Man, are theſe, are theſe my thanks?
When by the right of War I might have ſold,
As others did, thy Daughter for a Slave,
A Houſhold druge to ſome far diſtant Land,
I kept her for my ſelf, to be my Queen,
To raiſe her, as in Beauty, in degree
Superiour to all others of her Sex:
What would thy Pride have more?

Chr. Conſent is free.
I tell thee King thou ſhalt not force her from me.

Ag. Have I us'd force? What have I left unſaid?
What have I left unbid to tempt thy Pride,
Or glut thy Sacerdotal avarice?
Will Pow'r and Riches, bend thy ſtubborn Soul!
Take *Argos*, and *Micene*, all I have——
Will Pray'rs and Tears prevail? Behold me Weep.
Will Adoration touch thee? See me Kneel
Thus proſtrate at thy Feet, as to the Gods.

Chr. Were *Clytemneſtra* Dead——

Ag. Were *Clytemneſtra* Dead! Her doom is ſeal'd;
Yes, ſhe ſhall die, ſhe has deſerv'd it long.
Whilſt I purſue my Brother's wrongs at *Troy*,
My Brother's Fate has caught me:——
Whilſt I Beſiege a vile Adulterer here
Adultery is got to my own Bed.

Chr.

Chr. How fatal ſtill to thee, and to thy Blood,
Has Beauty ever been! *Ærope* firſt
With fouleſt Inceſt ſtain'd thy Father's Bed;
Thence follow'd Rapin, and avenging Wars,
Murthers, at which th'aſtoniſh'd Sun went back,
And turn'd aſide, and veil'd his head in Clouds.
Thy Brother was the next; and thou the Third;
Heirs of Adultery: From Sire to Son,
Pollution, like Inheritance, deſcends
On thy whole Race; Nor wilt thou yet be warn'd.
Curſe, Curſe the Sex; hate Women and be Wiſe.

Ag. Chruſeis is a Star, without a ſpot;
With all her Sex's Charms, without their faults.
Though there are Seas that Rocks and Quickſands hide,
And with impetuous rage toſs every Bark,
Are there not Streams that we may ſafely truſt?
Though from each Soil ſpring forth the deadlieſt Roots,
Are there not fragrant Flow'rs and wholſom Plants?

Chr. I came not here to argue, but demand,
Nor am I to be mov'd.

Ag. Nor I, Proud Prieſt. ——
Oh! give me patience, Heaven! 'Tis well, 'tis well,
Chruſeis is thy Daughter, or thy Life
Should pay thy Arrogance —— Hence, hence, be gone,
Leſt I recal my Mercy — If again
Thou'rt ſeen returning to my Camp, Thou Dieſt,
Neither thy Office, nor thy Gods ſhall ſave thee.

Chr. Hear me, *Apollo*! With thy ſilver Bow
Shoot theſe proud *Greeks*, and double all their Plagues;
And thou, O *Jove*, when their Battalions face
The *Trojan* Hoſts, prepar'd to join the Battel,
With Lightning and with Thunder ſinge their Ranks,
Drive 'em before their Foes; Burn, Burn their Ships,
Nor let a Man be ſeen returning back
To tell the News in *Argos*.

Ag. Hence *Scritch-Owl.*
My Mortals are a Match for thy beſt Gods.
Twice has ſtrong *Diomed*, in ſingle Fight,
Dipp'd in Immortal *Nichor* his huge Spear,
And driven the God of Combat from the Field.
I dare thy worſt, inſulting Prophet.

Chr. The Curſe of Curſes; May Domeſtick broils
Never forſake thy Houſe; May that Lewd Couple
Who now Pollute thy Bed, contrive thy Death,
And periſh by the Hands that moſt have wrong'd thee.
Next, May thy Son *Oreſtes*, to revenge
Thy fate, Murther his Mother, then run Mad,
By Furies haunted. And as thou haſt Robb'd
Me of a Daughter, ſo may thine be forc'd
Into ſome Land unknown, to ſerve a Prieſt.
I pray the Gods, that this may be the Fate
Of thee and thine; and ſo I leave thee to it.

[*Exit* Chryſes.

Ag. Come all theſe Plagues.---- Yet truſt me I am mov'd,
And ſomewhat whiſpers to my Soul,---- Thus it ſhall be.
The Prophet's Voice, is but the Voice of Fate,
Thus Periſh *Agamemnon* and his Race.
My Children too! In what have they Offended?
From Son to Son ſhall Vengeances deſcend,
Guilty and Innocent alike involv'd!
Can this be Juſtice, Gods? Why am I Curſt
But for my Father's Crimes? *Thyeſtes* Inceſt;
Thy Blaſphemies, Oh *Atreus!* cry aloud
For Judgment ſtill, and bloody Expiation.
Command our Prieſts do preſent Sacrifice;
By Prayers the Gods are mov'd.
Forward *Eurybates.*——

[*Exit* Agamemnon *and Train.*

Enter

Enter Neſtor *and* Ulyſſes.

Neſ. 'Tis better be a Dog, than be a Man;
Inſtinct of Nature is the only Guide
Unerring. Vain Light of Reaſon! Ah how frail!
How hard to be kept in, by ſteadieſt bearers,
Put out by every accidental breath
That Paſſion blows! I ſay again *Ulyſſes*,
What Fool would be a Man, who had the Choice
Of his own Being? The beſt, moſt perfect,
Are ſo allay'd; the good ſo mix'd with bad;
Like counterfeited Coin of mingled Metal,
The Noble part's not currant for the Baſe.

Uly. What pity 'tis, a Man ſo Brave, ſo Juſt,
Bate but this failing, this one fault of Love;
A Man reſembling more the Gods than Men,
Should ſo be loſt. ———

Neſ. — What hinders us to looſe
The fury of the Soldiers on this Woman?
Why tear they not this Author of their Woes
Piecemeal, and hew the Enchantreſs Limb from Limb?

Uly. There *Neſtor*, there's the wonder: As at *Troy*
When *Hellen* paſſes through the crowded ſtreets,
Who curs'd her out of ſight, ſtrait bleſs aloud
And cry ſhe's worth the War; Who would not Fight,
Though ſure to Dye, to ſerve ſuch wondrous Beauty?
So when the Fair *Chruſeis* comes in view,
Her Beauty reconciles the moſt enrag'd;
The Sick, who know they periſh for her ſake,
Crawl from their Tents, to gaze upon her Face,
And looking on her, feel returns of ſtrength.
Soldiers and Captains throng in Crowds about her,
And with loud Cries, approve their General's Love,

And with one Voice, conſent to their own ruin.
To loſe the ſight of her, ſeems what they fear
More than the loſs of Life or Victory.
Thus deſperate are our ills.---
But we will yet retrieve him---
If Human Wit or Artifice can find
A remedy, ſpite of himſelf he ſhall be ſafe.
Nes. Vain Boaſter of thy Wit! O Flatterer!
Is there in Art a remedy for Love?
For Love thus obſtinate!
Uly. *Neſtor* there is.
Himſelf has furniſht us the Means, the Ground
Whereon to build---- 'Tis Jealouſy ſhall do't.
Th' Arrival of *Briſeis* ſhall effect it,
And with this little ſpark I'll light a flame,
Shall purge our Air of all this Love-infection.
Already have I urg'd our fair deſtroyer,
And vext her mind with ſharp anxieties:
I left her pondring, doubtful, and perplext,
And ſee, ſhe comes----How thoughful!
Let us retire---when this has workt,
The doſe ſhall be repeated.
Nes. I gueſs which way thou driv'ſt: Succeed it Gods!
'Tis our laſt throw of Fortune.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Chruſeis, Artemis, *and other Women Attendants.*

Chru. Said you ſo hot and paſſionate!
Art. Worſe, Madam, worſe than I can tell you.
Chru. And ſo they parted!
Art. On ſuch ill terms, better they'd never met.
Chru. Then farewel all my hopes; And all ye joys
Of Love, for ever--- Ah! farewel---
Love, what is Love? ſtate me that queſtion right,

Let

Let me conſider —— Is it to quench deſire,
To follow Nature roving after Senſe?
This is ſelf-love, unquiet to poſſeſs
For its own eaſe; the brutal Love of Beaſts.
'Tis vile, 'tis ſhameful, I abhor the thought.
Then what is Love? Stay —let me think again.
Is it to fix our Wiſhes on one Object?
Pleas'd only when the thing we love is pleas'd;
Partaking of its ſorrows, ſeeking its good;
Deſirous more to give than to receive;
Willing to part with all, with Fortune, Life;
Chuſing all Miſeries, ſatisfy'd, rejoic'd
With any Ruin that's the means of Safety
To the Man belov'd. —— Ay— this is Love,
True Love, Heroick Love: 'Tis Generous, 'tis Divine.
Say, *Artemis*; think'ſt thou no Woman yet
Lov'd thus?

Art. None, Madam, —— that I e're heard of.

Chry. I tell thee then, there will be one e're Night,
Thanks to your kindneſs, Gods. —— But that's a ſecret.
Why, why am I pick'd out to be the firſt?
The firſt, —perhaps, and laſt. —The Cuſtom is,
From Man to Man to wander with our wiſhes,
Meeting, and parting, as it ſeems convenient:
Theſe are call'd happy; theſe enjoy the Goods
Of Life and Fortune; all the World's their own;
Pleaſure's their Mate; their hearts are ſtill at eaſe.
But have theſe Virtue? No. —Is Virtue then
Given to make us wretched? Ah! ſad Portion,
Fatal to all that have thee! ſhunn'd on Earth,
Depreſs'd, and ſhown but in ſevereſt Trials,
Condemn'd to ſolitude, then ſhining moſt
When black Obſcurity ſurrounds—Poor, poor,
But ever beautiful.

Art. Your thoughts are much disturb'd; you think too much.
Chru. Could I not think, I were most happy.
But to the purpose—
Something I must resolve, quickly resolve,
For Fate comes on apace, and treads us near.
To stay is to undo the Man I love;
Shall I, shall I do that?
Art. *Ulysses*, Madam.

Ulysses *Entring.*

Chru. Ha! thou hast rouz'd a thought! no; 'tis impossible:
To doubt's an injury; to suspect a Friend
Is breach of Friendship: Jealousy's a Seed
Sown but in vicious Minds: prone to mistrust,
Because apt to deceive—I'll think no more on't.
Draw near, *Ulysses*, let me view thee well.
Look up, look on my face, erect and bold,
That humble Cringe, and that malicious Smile,
Those downcast Eyes betray thy treacherous Soul:
I tell thee, *Greek*, thou hast a lying look.
My Love's above thy Malice.
Uly. Far be all Malice from my honest meaning;
But thus unwelcome Truths are still receiv'd:
No Secret have I told, nor idle Rumour,
But publick Certainties. —*Briseis* Rape
Is now the common talk of every tongue;
But for what end, what purpose; —far be't from me
T' interpret; —such Violence indeed
Looks strange, exceeding strange, to have no meaning.
And thus much may I add, without offence;
When Ladies can foresee approaching Change,
'Tis good to be before-hand with a Lover;
Better to leave than to be left. But you know best;
I advise nothing. —He has sworn, say you,

Not

Not to forſake; and having rais'd your hopes
To that degree, 'twere cruel to delude:
Yet I have known many an eager Lover
Proteſting Love to death, defying Ruin,
When Reaſon and all Remedies have fail'd,
Cur'd by another Love. Nothing ſo common
As Love excluding Love. For juſt as Poyſon
Is expell'd by Poyſon; ſo one Woman
Drives another out. Frown not, nor be diſpleas'd;
What I ſuggeſt, is meant but to forewarn.

Chru. What you ſuggeſt, is falſe; is falſe, *Ulyſſes.*
Beware the Vengeance of an injur'd Lover:
Not Blaſphemy's more hateful to the Gods,
Than to a Lover is his Faith traduc'd,

Uly. It may be falſe, and it may not. 'Tis wiſe to arm
'Gainſt every Ill that's barely poſſible.
You have his Word; the Gods his Oath: he loves you,
And loves he not the Gods? Both ways engag'd;
To part, and not to part. But now we ſaw him
Doubting and unreſolv'd, perplex'd to chuſe:
Who once has doubted, may do ſo again.
And why this other Woman? Why *Briſeis*
Juſt at this time, juſt now, the very moment
When Fate pronounc'd your parting? Implies it not
Deſign of Change? Intention to ſupply
The ſpace in Love, that Deſtiny has doom'd?
And ſeems it not to ſay, — Take, take her, Gods,
But let me firſt provide a Succeſſor.
Love, like an eager Gameſter, overlooks;
But Reaſon, an impartial ſtander-by,
Sees this and more.

Chru. Reaſon ſeems Malice when it comes from thee;
This might have weight from any other mouth.
From men profeſſing treachery and deceit,
Even Truth it ſelf's ſuſpected.——

I know

I know you falſe, inſinuating, ſly;
I know *Atrides* juſt, and full of honour,
Nor will I doubt his truth.

Uly. The King is juſt, and you are juſt to think it:
Oh 'tis a wondrous proof of ſtrong Eſteem,
Not to miſtruſt a Friend, though there were ground:
And here are grounds, weighty appearances;
I ſay, in any other man 'twould look ſuſpicious;
That's all —— But ſure the King is full of honour.
Oaths indeed in Love, differ from other Caſes;
They bind, that's true. But as in vanquiſh'd Towns,
The Conquer'd to the Conqueror takes an Oath:
Yet if another comes, of greater Power,
And drives him out, that former Oath is null'd:
Nor is it Perjury to ſwear anew,
For who can help his Fate: Juſt ſo in Love,
Men ſwear. —— And ſo obſerv'd. —— 'Tis Conſtancy.

Chru. Who would be wicked, and yet fear the name;
Excuſe their yielding ſtill by pleading Force.
But ſpeak *Ulyſſes*, truly if thou canſt;
For I would know my danger. You have ſeen
This Miracle. Report ſtill adds ——
And ſmalleſt things are magnify'd by Fame.
Is ſhe indeed ſo dangerous?

Uly. What Images ſhall Eloquence prepare,
To paint a Form ſo perfect and Divine?
Others by ſlow degrees advance in Love,
And ſtep by ſtep, and leiſurely get ground:
We Article with Judgment e're we yield,
Reaſon rejecting oft, where Fancy's fond.
She, ſeizes hearts, not waiting for Conſent;
Like ſudden Death, that ſnatches unprepar'd;
Like Fire from Heaven, ſcarce ſeen ſo ſoon as felt.
All other Beauties ſeem inferior Stars,
At her appearance, vaniſhing apace;
When e're ſhe mounts, they ſet.

Chru. 'Tis

Chru. 'Tis worth my Pride to brave a Foe ſo Fair:
Ceaſe, ceaſe, my Eyes to Weep, reſume your Pow'r,
Your Glory in this Battel is concern'd:
Approach thou Rival for my Monarch's heart;
I'll face thy Beauties, with as many more,
With Eyes oppos'd to Eyes, and Charms to Charms,
I'll fight it out, and Combat for his Love,
And let him be inconſtant if he can.

Vly. None who have Eyes but muſt allow your pow'r;
If ſhe has any equal it is you.
But Fortune holds the Scale for all Events;
Light is the Balance where Deſert is weigh'd,
If but a Grain of better Luck's againſt it.
How many Beauties, ſcarce regarded paſs,
While Thouſands with worſe Faces gather Crowds?
Beauty it ſelf owes many ſlaves to Luck.
In dangers imminent, retreats are wiſe;
And a new Face has ſtrange prevailing Charms.

Chru. From Cowardice, not Prudence, ſprings Deſpair.
Who doubt their Fortune, are not Wiſe, but Fear.

Vly. Her's are the Odds, by being Unenjoy'd;
Were there but that, O 'tis a powerful Charm!
Th' Ill-favour'd, and the Ugly, and the Old,
Paſs with this Charm, the Charm of being New.

Chru. I ſee your ſnare: The *Greeks* would have me gone;
The King reſiſts, and you would bait his Eyes
With a new Beauty, to ſupplant my pow'r:
You counſel flight, leſt I ſhould ſtay and Conquer:
Therefore I'll ſtay, to add this Triumph more.
Thou plott'ſt againſt thy ſelf, Vain, vain, Projector!
My Honour needs no Leſſons you can give;
I ſee my way, and will conſult my Fame.

Enter Briſeis *Guarded and led in Struggling.*

Bri. Let go, ye Slaves, How dare you diſobey?
Achilles will not leave me unreveng'd.
How dare you touch with Impious hands what's his?
If not his Wrath that keeps the World in Terror,
Then fear my Frown that makes *Achilles* tremble.
Uly. to *Chruſeis.* I muſt acqaint the King with her arrival;
Forgive the Office, Madam. —
[*Exit* Ulyſſes.
Bri. Looſe me, I ſay. ——
Chr. Stand off, ye Raviſhers---- And let my Eye
Take a juſt view of this Imperious Beauty.
Let go your Impious hold ---- 'tis my Command.
They leave her at Liberty, and ſtand at diſtance. She comes forward.
Bri. Whoſe Voice is this that has more Pow'r than mine?
With ſhame this freedom I receive, that's ow'd
To any other Frown but to my own.
Chr. If you'd be abſolute, you ſhould have ſtaid
Where you were ſo ---- but here 'tis I Command.
Bri. If here you Reign, thank Fortune for your Pow'r,
That never brought *Briſeis* here till now.
Chr. Survey me well, and as you look grow Humbler.
Bri. I have ſurvey'd, and I confeſs you fair,
I like you well ---- but like my ſelf much better.
Chr. Nature this comfort has to none deni'd,
That all are Wits and Beauties to themſelves.

Re-enter Ulyſſes.

Uly. Thus *Agamemnon* greets the fair *Briſeis*:
Brighteſt of Beauties, Hail! Welcome, as once
Chruſeis was, e're yet the Curſe of Heav'n

Made

Made her and Ruin one---- Welcom as *Venus*,
Would ſhe abandon *Troy* to ſide with *Greece*:
Forgotten be this Day, all ſorrows paſt,
For here are endleſs Joys----- unmarkt the Sun
Now ſhrowds his Beams---- for here are brighter Rays.
Sound, Sound our Trumpets, and our Timbals, Sound
Triumph through all our Camp ----- for Victory
Not ſhows a form ſo Fair.

Chr. Thou do'ſt bely him, baſely thou bely'ſt him,
Theſe Words are thine, this Welcome is thy own.
It is the fate of Kings to be ſo ſerv'd,
Ill Miniſters prophaning thus their Names
With acts unknown to them.
Think not to practice Treaſon and eſcape:
Offended Majeſty, and injur'd Love
Shall find thee out, and thunder on thy head:
Traytor they ſhall.

Bri. I eaſily believe his Homage true,
Nor thank him for 't---- but take it as my due.

Chr. Fooliſh ſelf-flatterer! how my *Agamemnon*
Will turn to ſcorn thy ſenſleſs Vanity!

Bri. How I ſhall triumph to behold thy rage
For a loſt Love! not Conquerors delight
In winning Towns and Kingdoms from each other,
More than we Women to take Lovers----
Though fancy may be nice and tie'd to one,
Pride is inſatiate and demands a Crowd.
My Beauty, like *Achilles*, fights at all.
Oh, 'tis a glorious ſight! to ſee the Men
Gazing with Eyes, that glow with Rapture on us,
To hear them cry aloud, Oh Gods how charming!
To have a Train attending up and down,
Watching at every turn to catch a Glance,
Breathing their Wiſhes after us in ſighs:
Oh how we triumph! and with ſcornful toſs

We tread along in State, and look Diſdain!
Uly. aſide.] O ſympathy of Mind! well-ſuited Pair!
Happy *Achilles!* happy *Briſeis!* two ſo like,
So much the ſame; how bleſt were they to meet!
How firm and laſting muſt their Paſſion be!
Strong as ſelf-love! In them 'tis nothing elſe:
As in a Glaſs each their own Image ſees,
And loving, in each other they enjoy,
And hug their own Reflection ----
Chrn. Proportion thy endeavours to thy ſtrength:
To ſuch vain things, no Grief of heart's like this,
To labour to be lik'd, to ſue for Praiſe
With greedy eyes, and ſtill to be deceiv'd:
Go ſomewhere elſe to practiſe thy Deſigns;
Here like a common thing thou'lt paſs along,
And unregarded, ſcarce attract one Eye.
Uly. to *Briſeis.*] Forgive the Anguiſh of a rival'd Beauty;
When Ladies rail, 'tis Envy, not Diſlike.
'Tis plain ſhe fears, by counſelling to go,
Nor dares to ſtand the trial with your Eyes:
Stay and aſſert your Empire over Man,
Which Heaven deſign'd, creating you ſo fair.
Briſ. Wiſe, wiſe *Ulyſſes.* ---I remember well,
Oft I have ſeen you in *Achilles* Tent:
For nice Diſcernment, and deep Wiſdom fam'd.
Yes, ſhe would have me go, I ſee her Cunning;
But I will ſtay to get her Lovers from her,
And then I'll leave you all, to break your hearts.
I come not like a Conqueror to remain,
I have a better Countrey of my own;
But mean to ſhow the Terror of my Eyes,
To burn, conſume, to ravage, and away.
To the Guards.] Come ſhow me to this King, who waits to dye,
I long to let the killing Arrow fly.

Follow

To Chruſeis.] Follow, and witneſs to thy own Diſgrace;
I challenge thee ---to meet me on the place.
[*Exit* Briſeis *with the Guard.*
Uly. to *Chruſeis.*] Judge better now of my Advice.
Chr. Traytor avoid me; from my ſight, be gone;
The King ſhall know thy Malice, and revenge it.
Avoid my ſight——
Glory that bid me go, now bids me ſtay,
To clear my King; that you and all may ſee,
Rather than live with her, he'll dye with me.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Scene changes to the Tents of Achilles.

Enter Achilles *and* Patroclus.

Ach. THE Gods have taken Vengeance from our hands,
And seem resolv'd to do our Work alone;
Like sprightly Steeds broke from their Mangers loose,
That toss in Air their Necks, and neigh aloud;
So march the *Trojans* from behind their Walls:
They clash their Armour, and they shake their Spears,
And with loud Cries provoke the *Greeks* to Battel.

Pat. Oh *Achilles!*

Ach. Why weeps *Patroclus* in this hour of Joy?
Vengeance is sure; his Foes upon his Foes
Shall do *Achilles* right. Rejoice, Rejoice:
O give me Musick; sound aloud, *Rejoice*,
Till every Valley ecchoes back, *Rejoice*.
Let all our *Myrmidons* be seen to day,
With Garlands crown'd, as at a Feast of Triumph;
Let Songs of Joy be heard in every Tent;
And like the *Corybantes* crush the Ground,
Each drumming in his hand a Brazen Cymbal.
Now by the Gods, the *Myrmidon* that weeps
To day's a Traytor, and shall dye.

Pat.

Pat. That Traytor is *Patroclus*: ---Death's my choice,
Rather than live to see my Friends destroy'd.
Ach. Has then *Patroclus* any other Friend,
More lov'd than his *Achilles*? Wouldst thou dye,
Rather than live to see my Wrongs reveng'd?
Pat. No, by the Gods I'd dye to bring thee Vengeance:
Thy Foes are mine: But let our Wrath be just,
Not brutal. What Wrongs hast thou receiv'd
From any other *Greek*, but *Agamemnon*?
And must all perish for the Crimes of one?
Ach. Perish like dogs: I laugh to see 'em bleed;
Their dying Groans are Musick to my ears;
My Rage makes no distinction: All are Foes,
That to my Foes are Friends. ---Away *Patroclus*,
How canst thou pity them, and yet love me?
Pat. O Gods! Let never Rage like this possess
Patroclus. O hard-hearted, cruel Prince,
Thou surely wer't not of a Goddess born,
Nor was the good *Æacides* thy Sire:
Sprang from the Sea thou seem'st, begot by Storms,
And thy impenetrable Heart's a Rock.
Ach. Take heed, *Patroclus*, left thy ill-tim'd Pity
Provoke me too; and I forget our Friendship.
Pat. Forget it, do; and bury in my Breast
Thy bloody Blade: I'll not outlive the day
That brings such foul dishonour to my Countrey.
Think not that I'll stand by, a tame Spectator.
If *Greece* must fall, then fall *Patroclus* too.
I'll to the Fight.
Ach. Now by the Gods thou shalt not;
With my drawn Sword I'll bar the Passage up,
And see what *Myrmidon* dares help the *Greeks*.
Pat. That *Myrmidon* am I. —— Dishonour brand me,
If I not go; or falling on the Point
Of my own Sword, give freedom to my Soul,

That

That does disdain to live beyond its Honour.

Ach. Is this thy Love, *Patroclus?*

Pat. That I do love thee, well thou know'st, *Achilles:*
Command me to cut off a Limb, I'll do't.
Let but this Day be past, on which depends
The Safety and the Glory of all *Greece*;
This Day of such Importance to the Publick,
And then thy private Grudge shall be my own.
To single Fight I'll challenge *Agamemnon*;
Let us preserve him for our own Revenge.
'Tis base to see a Foe oppress'd with odds;
Make Vengeance sure, but let it then be brave.

Ach. Thou hast o'recome me; and my Heart, like Wax,
Melts at thy Tears, and can deny thee nothing.
Go then, *Patroclus*, where thy Glory calls:
And thou alone of all the *Greeks* be safe.
What mean my eyes by these unusual drops?
No: Thou must stay. Oh! think again, *Patroclus*.
The good *Menetius*, when at *Pthia* last
We parted, gave thee, weeping, to my Charge;
Take here, said he, all that my Soul holds dear,
And safe return him, to support my Age.
Well have I kept my Word; behind my Shield
I plac'd thee still; my Body was thy Armour;
Still side by side we fought, and never parted.
My Friend, my dearest Friend, why wilt thou leave me?

Pat. At night I'll come all glorious back again,
And fill your Tents with Spoils of slaughter'd Foes.
The *Greeks* and *Trojans* that beheld me fight
Beneath your Buckler, shelter'd by your Sword;
And think *Patroclus* is too weak alone;
Shall see that I can fight without a Guard.

Ach. Oh cruel Honour! that obliges thee
To go, and me to stay. My Soul till now

Ne're felt ſuch ſtrife ; not when I loſt *Briſeis*.
Then wilt thou go ?
Pat. O melt me not with ſo much Tenderneſs :
My heart that beat but now with Manly Virtue,
Is ſoften'd like a Woman's.
Ach. Go then, whilſt all thy Courage is upon thee,
But go attended like *Achilles* Friend ;
Take all my Troops, and put my Armour on ;
Look like *Achilles*, like *Achilles* fight ;
Be thou victorious, periſh all the reſt ;
Let *Agamemnon*, like a beaten Slave,
Fly to his Ships, and there be burnt or drown'd ;
Let Fire and Sword all other *Greeks* deſtroy,
Till Thou and I, alone, are left to conquer *Troy*.

Exeunt ſeverally.

The Scene returns to Agamemnon's *Pavilion.*

Enter Neſtor *and* Ulyſſes, *ſeeming in diſcourſe with* Chruſeis.

Neſ. Let but ſome modeſt Matron come in view,
How unregarded and unmarkt ſhe goes :
O let her paſs, they cry, ſhe's good for nothing.
But let ſome flanting Minx come prancing by,
All Eyes are on her, and all Necks are bow'd ;
Oh how they ſtrive and juſtle to get neareſt !
Hide, hide your Heads, ye Gods, from Mortal Worſhip,
When ſuch as theſe, divide our Adorations.
Uly. It looks more like a Triumph, than a Rape :
To joyful Tunes the merry Timbrels play,
While Captive Queens like Minſtrels dance and ſing.
Trumpets and Tymbals ſound *Olympus* high ;
The Voice of Victory made a Call to Luſt :

In graceful Order each Battalion's drawn;
And in the Front our Princes ſtand in Arms,
Shining with Gold, and nod their ſtately Plumes,
Saluting as ſhe paſſes. —— Armour that's Proo
To Swords and Spears, and to the Javelins Thruſt,
Gives eaſy Paſſage to one Glance of hers;
Whilſt with diſdainful State ſhe treads along,
And looks regardleſs of ſuch petty Conqueſt;
None but their King, their General. — But hark!
Again the Trumpets — This way bends the Sound;
Sure ſhe approaches — Madam, will you meet
The Show — It may be worth your Curioſity.

Chr. D'ye mock me, *Greek?* Am I become your ſcorn?
I thank ye, Gods, though Love is mine no more,
Yet Vengeance is. — Ungrateful Man!
And was I kept with ſo much Form of Truth,
To be but left with greater Infamy!
Forſaken! Oh the diſgraceful word! Falſe!
Is he falſe? No, let him if he dares —
I'll ſtay, that he may periſh.

Exit Chruſeis.

Neſ. Nay then we are again outwitted.

Uly. Is't not in Art to tempt a Woman once
To ſtray from Wickedneſs? Or to beguile her
Into good? Are then their Stars ſo ſtrong,
That they are fated to be miſchievous?

Enter Agamemnon *attended.*

Ag. Bid *Diomed* with his *Ætolian* Horſe,
Obſerve 'em from yon Hill. ——

To live and conquer is the Nobleſt Fate,
But the next Glory is a Gallant Death.
Succeſs, O *Jove*, and Victory are thine,
Fortune is thine; my Honour is my own:
Facing my Doom, with my drawn Sword I'll ſtand,
Nor turn my Back upon thy wrathful Bolt.

Uly. Yet might I adviſe ——

Ag. Still the ſame Argument.
Thou know'ſt my Anſwer. ---I am fixt.
I ſee my Fate, ye Gods, and I accept it;
Life is not worth the Price you ask—To live
With her I love, was my firſt Wiſh—My next,
Is to dye with her.

Uly. But this word more, and I have done. ----

Ag. Spare thy ſelf the pains---Thy words, like Winds
Againſt an Oak, regardleſs whiſtle by;
The Leaves are troubled, but the Root is fix'd.
I ſay, thou may'ſt diſpleaſe, but canſt not move.
I am not to be mov'd.

Uly. Then hear me as an Advocate for Love,
The Friend of Love: ----For what ſo ſweet in Love
As Change. If you muſt love, then love
Like other men: Love like th' Immortal Gods,
Variety; the Luxury of Love.

Ag. I underſtand thee not. Truſt me, *Ulyſſes*,
I fear thy Brain is troubled.

Uly. Thus I unfold the Riddle. ---*Briſeis* Rape
I neither counſell'd nor approv'd; you know it:
Much urg'd, and much provok'd, againſt your Nature,
Unwilling to all Violence, you did it.
Make the beſt uſe of what is paſt recall;
Take her, and give *Chruſeis* to the Gods:
So ſhall you love, and be victorious ſtill,
Live and enjoy. Exchanges like to this,
Love does allow and practiſe every hour.

She's handsome, and a Woman, a kind Woman,
What would you more? And what does Love require,
But beautiful and kind?

Ag. Far be such wicked Counsellors from Kings:
How dar'st thou, Traytor, tempt my honest heart
To such vile Purposes. When I am false,
Forsake me all that's true. What! parcel Love
Like common Dole, by Scraps, to every Eye
That hungers after Lust! shall I do this?
No. My frank Soul gives largely, all at once,
Nothing by halves. True Love has no Reserves.
Yes, my *Chryseis*, I am only thine;
Only and all. The Soul that's snatch'd by Death,
Returns no more: Nor will her Eyes give back
The Heart she keeps in her Eternal Chain.

Uly. Behold *Briseis* entring——Timely she comes
To end this Argument: her Eyes will plead
More strongly than my Tongue: To them I leave it.

[*Exit Ulysses.*

Enter Officers and Attendants, Then Briseis.

Agamemnon *approaches her, bowing respectfully.*

Ag. Forgive me, Madam——

Bri. E're thou speak'st, hear me: Thy vain Intent
I easily divine. 'Tis Love thou'dst mention. ---

Ag. With needless Fears ——

Bri. Approach me not—
Perhaps you thought, because I lov'd *Achilles*,
'Twas possible some other might succeed.
If once some Man, more charming than the rest,
Has found the way to melt a Womans heart,
Strait every Fool presumes to be as welcome.

Ag. Give

Ag. Give me but leave ——

Bri. No; you ſhall never have my leave to Love.
Or did you think, becauſe your Empire's wider
In Power and Wealth, exceeding my *Achilles*,
With higher Offers to corrupt my Faith?
Though Hearts for Hearts, uncertainly prevail,
Riches and Power are Baits that never fail:
He makes moſt progreſs in a Woman's Breaſt,
Who Proffers higheſt, not who Loves her beſt.
Theſe are the inſolent remarks of Men,
With which we know you all arraign our Sex;
But learn to the confuſion of thy hopes,
I would not change for *Mars*, — much leſs for thee.

Ag. Think not that I mean ——

Bri. I care not what you mean — Thou dar'ſt not *Greek*,
Not for thy life offend Divine *Achilles*,
When he withdraws his Arm, your Glory ſinks,
Achilles is the Pillar of your Cauſe,
The Prop of *Greece*, and Terror of the *Trojans*,
And Thou, without him, Nothing.

Enter Chruſeis.

Chr. Think not I come to interrupt your Joys,
Ungrateful King, I know I am unwelcome:
As willingly as thou haſt made this Choice,
So willingly, *Chruſeis* do's confirm it,
Take, Take her, Traitor, Take her to your Arms,
Falſeſt of *Greeks*, who are of Men the falſeſt:
I quit you of all Vows, of all Engagements
Give her my Oaths that you repent you made,
And I repent, that ever I received.
To *Briſeis*.] Nor triumph thou; for were he worth my keeping,
Thou ſhould'ſt not have him yet: The Gift I make
Is of a thing I ſcorn.

Bri.

Bri. I ſcorn as much to take it.

Ag. What means *Chruſeis?*

Chru. Oh *Agamemnon!* hadſt thou but been true,
Hadſt thou been conſtant but a little longer,
Couldſt thou have perſever'd, but yet one hour,
My Virtue had prepar'd, for Thee, for Me,
Such proofs of Love, ſo paſſionate and noble,
Such Scenes of Glory, delicate and nice,
As had amaz'd Mankind —— But thou haſt ruin'd all;
O ſquanderer of Fame! Thy Honour, Mine,
'Tis loſt, 'Tis gone, for ever paſt recal:
A perjur'd Lover, and forſaken Miſtreſs,
Is all the name, that's left for both ——

Ag. Who's perjur'd? who forſaken?

Chru. Seek not to hide what I have heard, and ſeen,
Nor be ſo Vain, to think thy falſhood grieves:
My only grief is that I ever lov'd,
To ceaſe to do it, is a pleaſure to me.
Hadſt thou been true, I had been great, but wretched:
But thou art falſe, and what I loſe in glory,
Will be made up in Eaſe, for Falſhood cures;
A generous Love diſdains to harbour Traitors:
My Heart deceiv'd, for want of knowing Thee,
Receiv'd thee in, a Robber, not a Gueſt,
But on diſcovery, thus turns thee out,
Unworthy to be there:
Unworthy of good Uſage.

Ag. Have I been falſe? —— By the immortal Gods ——

Chru. Yes, Thou canſt ſwear, and ſwear, I know it well:
But ſwear not by the Gods, whom thou haſt mockt,
Nor yet to me, who can believe no more:
But ſwear to her, for ſhe is yet to learn
How well thou canſt deceive —— O what are Men!
How impiouſly they play with Perjury!

Traitor,

Traitor, I know the Value of your Oaths,
Ulysses told me——

Ag. What has *Ulysses* told you?

Chru. What I have seen.

Ag. *Ulysses* is a Traitor----speak *Briseis*,
Be thou my Witness---Have I mention'd love?

Bri. I would not give you leave.

Chru. Thou art condemn'd--thy Witness has condemn'd thee;
Thou'rt Perjur'd doubly----Perjur'd to us both---
Thou would'st have sworn, would she have heard thee swear,
And now thou would'st recant, because she scorns thee.

Bri. Though I commanded silence to my self,
And my nice Ear disdain'd to hear thy Love,
Who bids thee make a secret of thy Passion?
My scorn were lost, were not thy love proclaim'd;
To Me be silent, To the World be loud;
Begin by telling her; I give thee leave.

Ag. To her alone---

Chru. I'll spare thee the confession.
'Tis a stale story, and I know enough.
Would'st thou then own it? Brave me to my face?
Thou dar'st not--No---Thou art not yet so harden'd.
Why dost thou tremble when I look upon thee?
When thou would'st speak, upon thy falt'ring Tongue,
The Accents dy; All Arguments of guilt!
Thy Colour goes and comes upon thy face,
And thy young treason blushes to be seen.
The Murder'd Body, at the Murderer's touch
Will bleed afresh: nor can Betrayers bear
The sight of one betray'd, without confusion.
Thou fear'st me still, I read it in thy Eyes,
And in thy Limbs, that scarce support thy Body,
Oh! that I could look thee dead.---

Ag. My wounded Soul is on its flight---

Bri.

Bri. Die quickly then, for I'm in haſt to go,
Die at my feet, that I may ſpurn thee Dead,
To ſhow my ſcorn — How dar'ſt thou look
When I am by, on any Face but mine?
Chru. Look on, look on, — Gaze till thy Eye-Balls burſt,
And rowling round thy ſight from Charm to Charm,
Survey me all, and then repent thy change.
Gaze till thou'rt mine again; 'till falling down
Low at my Feet, thou do'ſt expire with ſhame.
There is a ſecret ſtruggle in thy Soul,
I ſee thou would'ſt return, but 'tis too late;
For know, *Atrides*, thou behold'ſt thy laſt.
He kneels.] Sink lower, lower, hide thee under ground,
Thou'rt odious to my Eyes, and I can bear
Thy ſight no longer.
Ag. Hear me *Chruſeis.*
Riſes.] Would either hear, both might be ſatisfy'd.
Ye both have dream'd, and each of ye believes
The Viſions of her ſleep ---- would you but hear —
Chru. Oh that I ne're had heard, nor ever ſeen;
'Tis paſt, 'tis paſt, *Atrides*, Love's no more,
My Heart is harder now, than once 'twas ſoft;
Farewell for ever — Yet forgive him, Gods!
Not on his head, but on his faithleſs Sex
Revenge the Cauſe of poor abandon'd Truth:
Nor let it be by Famine, or Diſeaſe;
Nor yet by Thunder, nor tempeſtuous Blaſt;
Nor Fire nor Sword, nor by conſuming Wars;
Let us Revenge our ſelves; commit to us
This mighty Charge ---- No Vengeance like a Woman's.
Let Falſhood puniſh Falſhood: Let Deceit
And Treachery be only Women's Arts.
Henceforth, through rowling Ages, Let there be
Not one Example of a Woman Faithful.

Let

Let all be *Hellens*, perjur'd Devils all,
Let every Husband, be a noted Cuckold,
Give 'em not Wives to comfort, but to plague:
Let Love be all a trick, and a pretence,
And every Woman be a bosom Serpent.
The Gods have granted — And methinks I read
The Page of Fate, and find it first for ever,
That not a Woman shall be born hereafter
But shall deceive some Man ——— Debates arise,
Dissentions reign, Pollution be triumphant,
And Jealousies and Jars, Confound the World. [*Exit Chruseis.*

Bris. My Conquest is complete: She flies, she flies,
And has avow'd the triumph of my Eyes.
So may all thrive, who dare my Empire brave,
Like her despair, and be Mankind my Slave.
How pleas'd will be *Achilles*, when he knows,
My Beauty, has reveng'd him on his Foes:
I go to tell him, nor will be delay'd,
Stir not to stop me —— For I'll look thee dead.
[*Exit Briseis.*

Ag. Go where I never may behold thee more
Thou Imp of thy *Achilles* —— Like a Child
I struck, and hit my self; I rais'd a storm
And perish in't: the means of my revenge
Has turn'd to my own ruin: And the load
I cast, has weigh'd me after it, and sunk me.
'Tis just ye Gods, your Providence has caught
My foolish Wrath, and my own act of Vengeance
Becomes revenge for him? 'Gainst whom 'twas meant.
[*Sees* Ulysses *entring.*
Ar't thou there Traytor? Com'st thou then to watch
The workings of thy Poyson on our Loves?
Safer thou d'st met a Tygress hunting out
The Thief that robb'd her Young ———

Ulys. What I have done ———

Ag. What thou haſt done — Undo — Or thou ſhalt dye —
[*Seizes hold of him.*
Thou ſhalt be torn by Horſes, rack'd alive
Bury'd quick —— I'll have thee hew'd to pieces —
Prometheus Vulture, and *Ixion*'s Wheel
The Stone, the Sieve; The Tortures of the Damn'd
Are but ſlight pains — Thou ſhalt be more than damn'd —
Find out *Chruſeis* ſtrait —— [*Thruſts him away.*
Confeſs thy Fraud, unravel her miſtake,
Convince her of my Love and Innocence:
I fear her Wrath, more than the Wrath of Heaven.
Appeaſe her well — And let me find her gentle —
[*Seizes him again.*
See this be done —— look to't —— Away ——
[*Thruſts him towards the Door.*
Why ſend I him?
On Wings of Love, the Lovers ſelf ſhould fly,
Love has a thouſand ways, and all I'll try,
And at her feet, be juſtify'd or dye.
[*Exeunt all.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

[*The Tent of* Achilles.

Achilles *and* Briſeis *meeting.*

Br. JOY to *Achilles* —— fly to my embrace
My Hero and my God.
Henceforth no more let any ſound of War.
Awake thy rage —— My Eyes ſhall conquer for thee.
Joy to *Achilles* — *Agamemnon* dyes,
Chruſeis in deſpair has left the Camp,
Briſeis is return'd triumphant back,
Thy Foes are periſhing, thy Miſtreſs ſafe,
I bring thee Glory and Revenge and Love;
Joy to *Achilles*, everlaſting Joy!

Ach. And is it given me thus agen to hold thee,
Thus to devour thee with a Thouſand Kiſſes
With claſping Arms, embracing and embrac'd
To taſt a Thouſand Joys —— O 'tis illuſion all!
The Dream and Viſion of diſtracted thought!
Speak ſhining Creature, every ſenſe awakes
To find thee out —— Art thou indeed *Briſeis*?

Br. I am, I am *Briſeis* —— Believe thy Eyes,
Believe thy touch — No Viſion nor a Dream,
But thy *Briſeis* —— thine.
I thank you Gods! tho' parting was a pain,
The joy to meet, is ample ſatisfaction.

Ach. Art thou the ſame? In every thing the ſame?
Anſwer me that ----- Ah No!
The ſtain of violation is upon thee
The ruddy ſpot, freſh ardent on thy Face.
Curſe on that thought! ----
Was then the Raviſher ſo quickly cloy'd?
So haſty to return Pollution back?
Did'ſt thou reſiſt? Or did'ſt thou early yield?
Anſwer agen to that --thus let me Swear thee,
Thus holding up thy hands erect to Heaven:
Met'ſt thou with willing warmth his brutal luſt?
Had'ſt thou thy ſhare of Bliſs? with amourous rage
Improving Joy with Art?---But why do I enquire?
Thy Cheeks are burning with th'Adulterer's mark,
His Print is on thy lips: Thy melted Eyes
Yet glow with languiſht luſter ----- *Hell and Furies!*

Br. Curſe me if I forgive thee ſuch a thought;
Were I like other Women, I ſhould weep
To be thus groſly queſtion'd --- But my Soul
Is form'd of ſparks, as fiery as thy own.
Thus I confront thy Jealouſie with rage,
And meet thy inſolence, with wrath as loud.
Thou know'ſt me, and haſt read my inmoſt Mind,
If after this, thou yet canſt have a doubt
If thou canſt tell thy ſelf---I can be falſe,
Thou art not worth my Anſwer.----

Ach. I knew thou would'ſt deny: All Women will.
What have we for your truth, but your bare words?
The ſubtle path is trodden without print,
Not the leaſt footſtep to be trac't for proof.
But willing or unwilling, 'tis the ſame:
He has enjoy'd you.----

Br. No matter if he has---I'll tell thee nothing.

Ach. O that thou were a Man?

Br. O

Br. O That I were! By *Venus* I'de chaſtiſe thee ----
Why was I not a Man? A greater far
Had then been born, and fiercer than *Achilles.*
Ach. Anſwer directly---or by *Mars*---
Br. By *Mars* I ſwear, and by as many Gods
That nothing will I Anſwer---Not till I ſee thee
Croucht on the ground, and crawling on thy knees
Implore forgiveneſs, for thy vile ſuſpicion.
Gueſs at the paſt; I'll tell thee what's to come,
If he has not enjoy'd, be ſure, he ſhall:
Who without reaſon doubts, deſerves that Vengeance,
No Woman is without it----- I go, to reap
This fruit of thy offence---- And ſo farewell [*going.*
Ach. Be true or falſe---Thou art too much to loſe,
Nor ſhalt thou go----- [*holds her.*
Thy fiery Rage, has ſpread around my Soul
And Love has caught the flame----
Be what thou wilt --- Art thou not heavenly Fair?
Thy Beauty, in this moment's, all my care,
Nothing is certain, but the Joy alone,
Whil'ſt I poſſeſs, I'm ſure thou art my own. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene changes to Agamemnon's *Pavillion. Trumpets ſound without. Enter* Agamemnon *leading* Chruſeis. Neſtor *and* Ulyſſes *enter from the oppoſite part of the Stage.*

Neſ. [To *Agam.*] O ſtain of Honour! Oh inglorious Prince!
Unworthy Leader of ſo many Kings,
Have then thy Crimes diſpirited thy Soul
That here aloof, thou hid'ſt thee in thy Tent
When the rang'd Battle calls thee forth to Fight?
But guilt makes Cowards: who with ſuch a load
Of Impious Luſt, and willful Perjury
Can Face a Foe, or venture into Danger?

Ag. If

Ag. If I am guilty 'tis the Fault of Heaven,
That by exacting more than Man can do
Becomes it self unjuſt --- My deeds to day
Shall ſhame thy words, when thou behold'ſt me fight.
'Tis peace at Home, my anger'd Love's appeas'd,
And I am ready now for War --- The ſtouteſt Hearts
Shall trembling beat, to follow where I lead.

Neſ. Appeaſe the Gods, no matter who beſide
Is angry, or diſpleas'd.

Ag. *Chruſeis* is appeas'd, nor cares *Atrides*
Who frowns, when ſhe is kind --- One kiſs my Love;
The Trumpets call, the Soldier muſt obey:
Theſe *Trojans* ſhall repent e're night, who force
Thy *Agamemnon* from thy gentle Arms.
And vex our Loves, with ſuch unquiet partings.

Chru. Yet e'er you go, hear your *Chruſeis* ſpeak:
The Gods alone can tell, who ſhall return
Of thoſe that go to Battle: Hear me then:
And I am glad to have ſuch Witneſſes. [*To* Neſt. *and* Ulyſ.]

Ag. What would *Chruſeis* ſay?

Chru. The danger's terrible that calls you forth,
Who knows but this may be our laſt Farewel.
Thus then upon my knees, I thank my Lord
For his paſt goodneſs —— Oh! inſpire me Heaven
How to be grateful, and inſtruct my Soul
How I may give my King, ſome mark of Love
Equal to his to me.

Ag. Riſe, Riſe *Chruſeis*,
This needs not, Love; for I am much thy debtor.

Chru. No. I will tell, that ſumming up th' Acccount
My grateful heart, may reckon its vaſt debt.
All that I am, my Honour and Life,
I hold but from your bounty.
In a ſackt Town, when the licentious Soldier
Spares neither Age, nor Sex: When Slaughters blind

And

And rages thro' the Streets without distinction;
When Rape is privileg'd, and Murder free,
You sav'd me from the Fury of the Sword,
You sav'd me from Pollution, rais'd me trembling,
Bad me not fear, and bore me safe from danger.
Nor was this all.——

Ag. Enough, Enough *Chruseis.*
You ow'd your Preservation to your self,
Your Beauty was your Guard — what barbarous heart,
O what inhumane hand, could hurt such brightness?

Chru. My fears renew'd, when Captives set to Sale,
I heard the loud laments of weeping Virgins,
Expos'd to price, and sold to Slavery.
No Royalty nor Beauty was exempt,
But only serv'd to raise the Purchase higher.
Then did my King a second time preserve me,
And set me above Price.

Ag. And well thou did'st deserve it, my *Chruseis.*
Not *Jove* who has the Power of either Globe,
Can say what thou art worth.

Chru. Beyond my Hopes, unaskt, and unexpecting
Life, Liberty, and Honour you preserv'd,
And undeserving added to my wishes
What more than Life, or Liberty I prize,
Your Love: And tho' you had the Power to force
Your Captives will with surest Violence,
You left me free, t'accept or to refuse,
But who could have refus'd?

Ag. Thou never wer't my Captive: I was thine
From the first moment that my Eye beheld thee:
I overcame thy Country, but thou me:
What I have done, I did but as a Slave,
The Service of the Conquer'd to the Conqueror,
Mercy was thine, and only thine: My Part
Was but the Duty of a Lover.

Chru.

Chru. With patience hear, for nothing will I add,
Nor take from Truth, but ſtate a juſt account.
My Country loſt, when by the right of War,
Nothing was left, that we could call our own,
You profer'd Crowns, would raiſe me to your Empire:
Your generous Love, agreeing with my Vertue,
Offer'd no terms, that I could bluſh to hear.

Ag. What trifling Merchandize are Crowns and Kingdoms
Compar'd to thee --- How ſhall I thank thy goodneſs
Who would'ſt accept? Oh! could I give the World,
One kiſs of thine, but thus to touch thy Lips,
I were a gainer, by the vaſt exchange.

Chru. The kiſs you take, is paid by that you give,
The Joy is mutual, and I'm ſtill in debt.
O there's a mighty ſumm that's yet untold:
To ſhorten then, and paſs a thouſand proofs,
All precious, but too numberleſs to name:
Now when the Gods, grown envious of our Joys,
The Gods that will admit in humane Life
No Raptures like their own, and ſuch were ours,
Now when they turn our Bleſſings to a Curſe,
When every kiſs you take, muſt looſe a Battle,
And thouſands are Condemn'd, for each Embrace,
When Empire, Victory, and O perhaps
Your precious Life, muſt all be Sacrific'd
Or your *Chruſeis* left, Then, then my King
When his Friends weep, and unrelenting Gods
Threaten aloud, when Earth and Heaven combine
To part our Loves, and ſunder us for ever,
Then *Agamemnon* conſtant to his Vows
Renounces Glory, to be true to Love,
And death and ſhame, prefers with his *Chruſeis*,
To Life, to Conqueſt and Renown, without her.
O what amends, Ah! how ſhall I repay
Thy wondrous Truth?

Ag.

Ag. Thus my *Chryſeis*, thus ----
Embrace me cloſe, and joyn thy Lips to mine:
There's no ſecurity in other Joys,
Here happineſs is riveted alone,
Here nothing fades, nothing decays; the ſweets
Immortal are, and never ceaſe to ſpring.

Chru. So loving, and ſo lov'd, why muſt we part?

Ag. Part my *Chryſeis*! 'Tis unkindly fear'd:
I thought thou had'ſt been ſatisfy'd, my Love,
No, I can dye, but we will never part.

Chru. And yet we muſt: Oh! we muſt part, *Atrides*.
There's no defence againſt the Will of *Jove*,
No Force can turn, or Policy evade
What Deſtiny decrees immutable:
Nothing can be, that Fate has doom'd ſhall not.

Ag. What means my Love, by theſe myſterious Words?

Chru. As one who fears to dye, but is condemn'd,
Still ſtrives to trifle time with idle talk,
And ſeeks pretences to put off the hour,
So I --- But what am I reſolving?
As I approach the Precipice's brink
So ſteep, ſo terrible appears the depth,
I fear --- And yet I muſt --- Who ſays I muſt?
Not *Agamemnon* --- He had rather dye,
So had *Chryſeis*: Parting is worſe than death
To both --- and will to both bring death ---
If he muſt dye, then let him dye embrac'd
As he deſires --- Now ſhoot your Lightning Gods!
Whil'ſt thus I hide him, hit him if you can,
Thus clinging with my Body cloſe to his,
Thus will I cover him --- kill me, kill me,
I'll dye to keep him ſafe --- Oh *Agamemnon*!

Ag. There is a ſtrange diſorder in thy Thoughts,
Something thou would'ſt unfold, and know'ſt not how:
My Soul has caught thy Fears, I tremble too

I know not why --- 'Tis the first time that e'er
My Courage fail'd me in thy Arms.
Some mighty ill, and sudden fate is coming,
And let it come -- Spare but my Love ye Gods
All other ills are nothing.

Chru. My Head grows giddy -- Oh that I were Mad:
Madness brings ease: Reason, Reason alone
Feels Sorrow: Folly and Madness are exempt.
No State of humane Life is to be envy'd,
But Lunacy and Folly: None can be happy
Who can feel Pain: To want the Sense to Grieve
Is the best measure of Felicity,
So much are we the Slaves of humane Chance,
And from the Moment of our Births expos'd
To the malignant influence of Stars. [*she stands weeping.*

Nes. This is meer Foolery --Sir will you go?

Enter Talthybius *and* Eurybates.

Eury. Where, where's the King?

Ag. What would thy haste portend?

Eury. To Arms, to Arms: The *Trojans* led by *Mars*
With *Hector* by his side, surround our Camp;
Who never durst beyond the Scæan Gate
Till now advance, enclose our Trenches round:
We who Besieg'd, are now our selves Besieg'd.

Ag. Be short: Speak to the purpose: What has past?

Talth. Divine *Sarpedon*, Son of Thundering *Jove*
Began th' Attack: *Patroclus* stood the Charge,
And slew him with his Spear, *Jove* looking on.

Eury. Then fell *Patroclus*, Slain by *Hector*'s Hand ---

Ulys. Patroclus Slain?

Ag. He has not left
'Mong all the *Greeks*, a braver Man behind him.

Nes.

Nest. How just is Providence in all its Works!
How swift to overtake us in our Crimes!
Achilles who alone, of all the *Greeks*
Rejoyc't to day, becomes the deepest Mourner:
None are so hateful to the Gods as those
Who with hard hearts, delight in other's Grief.
Ulys. 'Twere fit his Body were convey'd with speed
To stern *Achilles*; who lits laughing now,
Waiting the *Greeks* distress; The sight may move
Revenge, and bring him to the Field.
Ag. I scorn his little Aid -- *Talthybius* say
What's now a doing?
Talth. The *Trojans* are agen drawn off, pausing
Upon their loss; but seem to meditate
Some new Attempt: And all expect
A bloody day.
Ag. Thou shalt not dye, *Patroclus*, unreveng'd.
Bid our Battallions draw upon the Plain;
We'll Fight 'em hand to hand, upon the square,
Let Cowards skulk in Trenches, Face to Face
I meet my Foe --- Thus I invoke you, Gods,
Asking but this, no more --- *Stand Neuter*,
'Tis time that we were gone -- Hast with our Orders.
[*Exeunt* Talthybius *and* Eurybates.
[*To* Chruseis] It shakes my very Soul, my poor dear Love,
To leave thee thus --- I go, but to return
Victorious back.
Thus we have parted oft, and met agen,
Much thou would'st grieve; but in this manner never.
[Chru.] Yes we have parted, and agen we met,
When next we part, 'tis never to meet more.
I am your Murderer by my fatal stay,
For me, the sullen Sun withholds his beams,
And shoots these Shafts, and heads 'em all with Plagues:

For me, the Gods withdraw their wonted aids,
For me, they lead the *Trojans* to the Field;
Shall I consent? And shall I help the Foes
Of *Agamemnon*? I obstruct the means
Of his deliverance? Will then my Love
Do nothing for my Lord, who would do all
For me? No *Agamemnon*, no ----
For me you must not dye, nor be disgrac't,
Live *Agamemnon*, live: Be great, be glorious,
While by a voluntary Exile, I
Appease my cruel Father, and his Gods,
And doom my self to save thy Life and Honour.

Ulys. Oh unexpected turn! O wondrous Virtue!
Glorious resolution! henceforth be styl'd
The Saviour of the *Greeks*.

Ag. Peace Sycophant, nor dare to sooth her phrensie:
These thoughts are but the vapours of a Mind
Disturb'd: Reason shall soon dispel the fume,
And disappoint your curst malicious Joy.
[*To* Chru.] I know thou can'st not mean, what thou hast said
Yet my Heart pants, and every Nerve is shaken.
Upon my Forehead sits a damp like death,
My Blood runs cold, I feel the Channel freeze,
Scarce will my trembling Limbs, support my Weight,
But shake like Cowards on a day of Battle.
Is this well done *Chruseis*?

Chru. Your generous Love, has show'd the way to mine,
Fearing to part, you firmly chuse your Ruin,
Fearing your Ruin, I consent to part:
To part, of every evil is the worst,
All other ills you chuse, but I chuse that;
Love prompting you, to perish for my sake,
Prompts me to keep you safe, whate'er it cost;
Empire and Life, and Glory, are your Victims,
The Joys of Life, and Love it self are mine.

Nes.

Neſ. Well argu'd ſtill: Pray Heaven ſhe be in earneſt.
Ag. Thy Love is grown a wondrous Sophiſter:
Such Arguments but ill become thy Faith:
Can'ſt thou pretend to love me, and yet leave?
No, 'tis impoſſible in love, to part
With what we love: Confeſs, confeſs the truth,
And ſay thou doſt not love; own, own thy Falſhood,
Racant thy Vows, or yet reſolve to ſtay.
Chru. Yes I would ſtay, were I the only threaten'd,
Were the doom mine, and did the Thunder rowl,
And the blew Lightning ſhoot alone at me,
I'de chuſe to dye like thee, and not to part,
In theſe dear Arms, I'de wait the ſtroke of *Jove*
And periſh pleas'd; like thine ſhould be my choice.
For thee, for thee, this Ruin is prepar'd,
Not on my Head, but thine, the Vengeance falls,
And for my ſake, my Preſence is the cauſe,
Chruſeis is the Murderer of *Atrides*,
The Cup of Pleaſure, is the Bowl of Death,
The Gods have mixt it with the deadlieſt Poyſon,
Nor dare I give thee more.
Ag. O give it on,
There is ſuch pleaſure in the killing draught
'Tis worth the dying for.
Chru. Be calm, be calm *Atrides*, think agen,
Conſult your reaſon, and be then convinc'd,
Were your Caſe mine, you would reſolve like me,
You would, you would, you could not ſee me periſh,
And know your ſelf the cauſe.
Ag. O *Chruſeis.*
Chru. Is there a proof in love that you would give
And ſhall not I? Oh! 'tis a cruel proof,
But it muſt be, 'tis paſt, 'tis paſt recal.
Come back, come back Renown that turn'd away,
Return ye Lawrels, to my Monarch's brow,

Love

Love like a ſcorching Sun has dry'd ye up,
And burnt your growth, and kiſt away your ſweets,
But Love is now ſelf baniſht for your ſakes,
With his own hand he cuts his root away,
And leaves you room to ſpread.

Ag. O curſt eſtate of Kings! O fatal Glory!
O Victory's dear-bought! Pernicious Greatneſs!
What muſt I looſe to purchaſe the vain breath
Of Fools and Sycophants, the Voice of fame!
Oh! what a Jewel muſt be thrown away
To get a bawble! what ſubſtantial pleaſures,
How many hours of Love and of content
Are loſt and ſacrific'd for ſenſleſs trifles!
All Heroes are but Lunaticks miſ-call'd
That cheat themſelves, and part with all that's precious
For Toys and Gew-Gawes.

Chru. The Gods have for themſelves alone reſerv'd
A quiet ſtate: Kings are their Stewards here
Entruſted with the Conduct of the World:
And like good careful ſervants, muſt ſubmit
Their ſingle profit, to the general well-fare.
Had *Agamemnon* been a private Man,
Some Shepherd, or an humble Villager,
Our Loves had then been happy.

Ag. Take back your Office, Gods, Your Royal Thraldom;
I'll be your Slave, no longer on theſe terms:
Here I diſcharge my ſelf of Kingly burthen,
Diveſt my ſelf of Power and Dignities,
Of Crowns and Scepters, your Imperial Loads.
Be conſtant to thy Word---- Thy *Agamemnon*
Will make himſelf the thing that thou haſt wiſht,
A Shepherd, or an humble Villager:
In ſome far Cave, remote from interruption,
We'll love away our lives; Not the leaſt Dream
Of Glory, ſhall invade our lone Receſs.

Theſe

Theſe Arms ſhall be the Circle of my Wiſhes,
Thy Eyes, the only Lights that I'll adore:
Morning and Night, I'll ſacrifice to them,
Be they propitious, let them ſhine upon me,
I'll own no other Gods.

Chru. My Virtue ſhrinks within the cloſe embrace,
O let me fly, I cannot ſtand the Combat,
Another ſuch, and we are loſt for ever.

[*Trumpets within.*

Hark! Hark! the Trumpets ſound, the Claſh of Swords
Draws near, The Gods have given me notice,
The ſlaughter is renew'd, and every Man
That falls, *Chruſeis* is his Murderer.
Have patience Gods, but yet a little while,
I come, I come, your will ſhall be fulfill'd,
Give me but time to take one laſt embrace,
Let me thus ruſh upon him ———
Once more, for my whole life, and then come Death
Come Madneſs, any thing but Life or ſenſe
My deareſt, deareſt *Agamemnon.*

Ag. Thus will I claſp thee faſt, Thus, thus for ever.
In vain, In vain thou'lt ſtruggle to get looſe,
Not Men nor Gods ſhall cut thee from my Arms,
I'll dye, but I will never quit my hold.

Chru. Thus let us kneel: Thus lockt in my Embrace,
Whil'ſt I implore the Gods, with this laſt Pray'r.
Oh all ye Powers! that unrelenting ſee
Theſe Griefs, and have deny'd our loves your mercy,
Accept the ſacrifice that here I make,
The nobleſt Love, the trueſt: undefil'd
With the leaſt ſtain. If ought is due to Virtue
Let the reward of what I do, be his,
And let not me out-live this fatal day.
Depriv'd of Love, upon his precious head
Double all other bleſſings: Crown his Life

With

With honours equal to his noble mind,
Let him not paſs a day without ſome triumph,
Let him not have a Foe in Earth or Heaven,
Or if he muſt have Foes, make e'm his means
Only to come at Glory - - - - Pleaſe his Nights and Days
With ſomething new, and every hour be bleſt,
That the remembrance of his loſt *Chruſeis*
May ſit more light upon his heart —— One kiſs,
And then no more, Oh *Agamemnon* 'tis the laſt,
Farewell for ever —— His Lips are cold,
Speechleſs and Pale! And on my boſom droops
His Head like a dead weight - - - Help Princes help
And raiſe him gently ——

[*They raiſe him: He ſtands ſupported between 'em: they weeping over him.*

O can I ſee him thus ——
And leave him — Yes I muſt, for ſhould he ſpeak
I could not ſtir, his Words would root me here.
My Brain is toucht — I feel it — here it is ——
At this dead-lift, thou'rt welcome honeſt Frenzy;
The King ſhall conquer now, he ſhall, he ſhall,
Right ſhall triumph, the Raviſher ſhall bleed,
I'll be the Champion, and begin the charge,
Thus at one ſtroke, I cut off all the Gods,
And leave the Trojans, helpleſs to themſelves,
They run, they run —— O cruel Reaſon, worſt of Foes,
Why art thou come agen?
O *Neſtor*! Oh *Ulyſſes*! pity me,
Forgive the ills that have already happen'd,
All will be well, the Gods are now appeas'd.
Fight for the King, and when the Battles join,
Do you, your duty, as I have done mine.

[*Exit Chruſeis.*

Ulyſ. Scarce was my aking heart, more pierc'd with grief
When from my own *Penelope* I parted.

Ag.

[*Ag. coming to himself.*

The Gods have doom'd in vain, They shall not have her.
Where is *Chryseis?*

Uly. Her noble Virtue has obey'd
The cruel call of strong necessity,
And she who would have dy'd to stay, is gone
That you may live.

Ag. Thou hast done this *Ulysses*, 'twas thy Plot,
Thou hast been working long against our loves
Thy Life shall answer it ———

Uly. O rob her not of Glories all her own,
Be hers the praise entire, as was the deed.
I hate my self for that I injur'd once
So good, such noble nature ——— O she is
And to all Ages shall remain
The brightest Pattern of Heroick Love
And perfect Virtue, that the World e're knew.

Nest. Trust me *Atrides*, much I grieve your loss,
But Glory waits, to make you full amends.

Ag. Thus then I draw — Blood shall be shed for tears:
Where Death is to be found, there let me go,
Who gives it, is my Friend, and not my Foe,
Unite, unite ye Dardans and ye Gods,
Despair's undaunted, and defies all Odds,
A-t me let every Spear, and Javelin fly,
I Fight not now to conquer, but to dye.

[*Exit Agamemnon.*

[*Flourish of Trumpets.*

Nes. Mark, mark *Ulysses*, how the Gods preserve
The Men they love, even in their own despight;
They guide us, and we Travell in the Dark,
But when we most despair to hit the way
And least expect, we find ourselves arriv'd.

Uly. Fate holds the strings, and Men like Children, move
But as they'r led: Success is from above.

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